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WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES, &c.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR, J. and R. TONSON,
C. BATHURST, H. WOODFALL, R. BALDWIN,
W. JOHNSTON, B. LAW, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON,
JOHNSON and DAVENPORT, and M. RICHARDSON.

MDCC LXVL

THE
WORKS

Alexander Pope Esq.



VOLUME II

CONTAINING

SATIRE, &c.

LONDON

Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and by J. DODD, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

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FOURTH VOLUME.

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ADVERTISEMENT

EPISTLE

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Vol. IV.

B

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EPITILE

TO

DE ARBUTHNOT

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Vol. IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this *Epistle*.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings, (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself* and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this *Epistle*. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to

those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth and likeness.* P.

EPISTLE

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for himself and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publishing this Epistle, the Poet's patience was exhausted by the endless impertinence of Poetafters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This design he communicated to his excellent Friend Dr. ARBUTHNOT; who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's friend and phyfician, he was follicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his case, and humorously applied to his Phyfician in the manner one would ask for a receipt to kill Vermin, he strait goes on, in the common character of askers of advice, to tell his Doctor that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets) with a simile, in which the names *Kings, Queens, and Ministers of State* happen to be mentioned, his Friend takes

the alarm, and begs him to forbear; advises him to stick to his subject, and to be easy under so common a calamity.

To make so light of this disaster provokes the poet: he breaks the thread of his discourse, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his simile, at once,

“ Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,” &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little shocked at the apparent severity of such a proceeding, he assures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without cause; for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of offenders; which he illustrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detested Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* (from ver. 1 to 101.)

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more stops him; and bids him consider what hostilities this general attack would set on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, considering *the strong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or secret: and it admits of no question, but a Slanderer is less hurtful than a Flatterer. For, says he (in a pleasant Simile addressed to his Friend's profession)

“ Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,

“ It is the slayer kills, and not the bite.”

And how abject and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing, that they praised him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient shape (ver. 100 to 125.)

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorship no better, he should not have written at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the natural bent of his disposition; which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* so strongly, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he

he offended in nothing else: For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless,

“ Like gentle Fanny’s was my flowing theme,
 “ A painted mistress, or a purling stream.”

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was *his* peculiar ill-fortune to create a Jealousy in One; whom, not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support: On the contrary, that otherwise amiable person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education, a party-man; and, by circumstances of fortune, beset with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded our Author as his Rival, set up by a contrary Faction, with views destructive of public liberty, and that Person’s reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope’s conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies, in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongst the Wits; but still kept retired in his usual privacy; leaving *the whole Castalian state*, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mecenas, whom he next describes (ver. 124 to 261.)

And, struck with the sense of that *dignity and ease* which support the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty inseparable from it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition (ver. 260 to 271.)

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an *Author*; as if he had neither the same right to the enjoy-
 B 4 ments

ments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *suspensions* and the *displeasure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at least to the foolish *criticisms* of court sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribler; though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence.

“Curst be the verse, how well soe’er it flow,
 “That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
 “Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 “Or from the soft-ey’d Virgin steal a tear.”

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime. That the sole object of his resentment was *vice* and *baseness*: In the detection of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of *that* by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of One who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner (ver. 270 to 334.)

And here, moved again with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all (ver. 333 to 360.)

“The

TO THE SATIRES

- " The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 " Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov^{er}aign's ear.
 " Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:
 " For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the last."

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm; and desires him to clear up one objection made to his Conduct at Court. " That it was inhuman to insult the Poor, and ill-breeding to affront the Great." To which he replies, That indeed in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing Room [ver. 359 to 368.]

But lest this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances; *a pretence to virtue in a witty woman*: so forgiving that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal enemy*: so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad poets*: and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his Father and Mother* [ver. 367 to 388.]

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his Friend: intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist.

- " Me, let the tender office long engage
 " To rock the Cradle of reposing Age;
 " With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
 " Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;
 " Explore the thought; explain the asking eye,
 " And keep a while one Parent from the sky!"

And

And now this incomparable Poem, which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY [ver. 387 to the End.]

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd
I said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

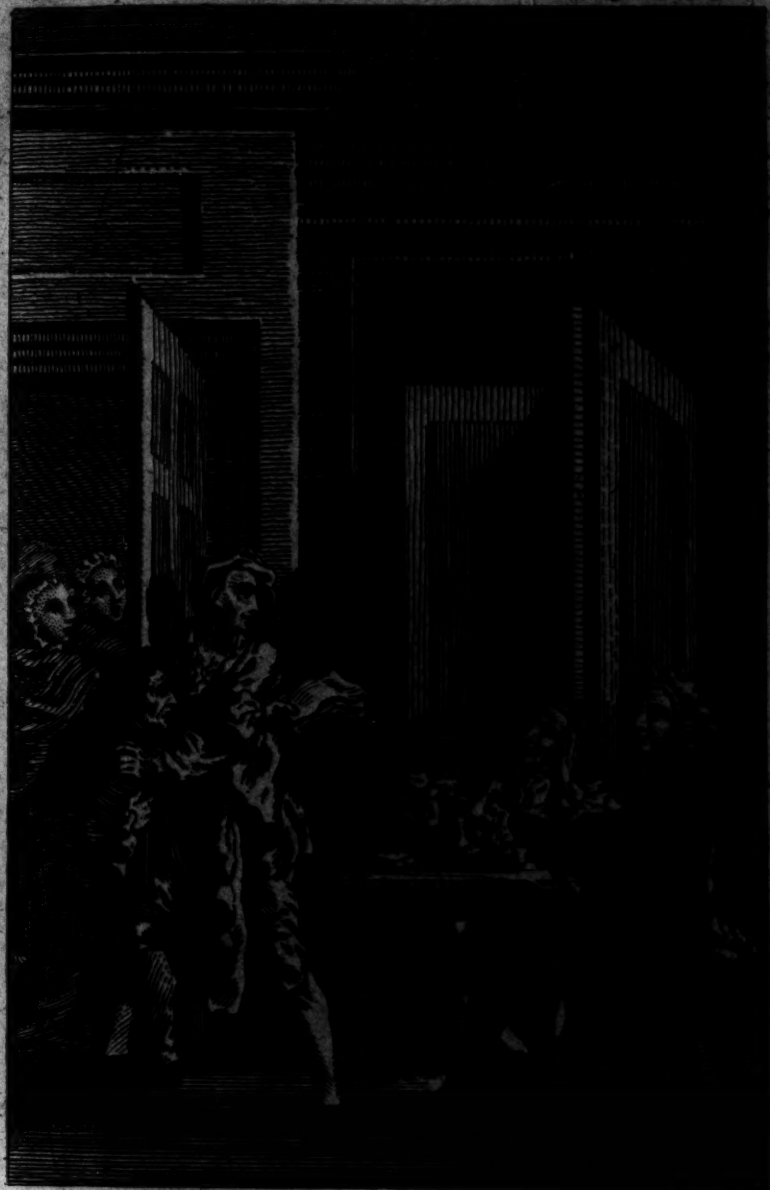
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

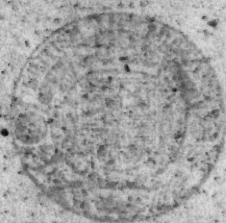
N O T E S.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will,

What



Shut, shut the Door good John, fatigued I said
Tye up the Knocker, say I'm sick I'm dead.
Ep. to Arbuthnot.



TO THE SATIRES. 11

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
 A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should engross?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

VARIATIONS,

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
 Is there a 'Prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.*] The beauty of this line arises from the figurative terms of the predicate alluding to the subject. A secret, in elegant expression, which our Author often practised.

VER. 13. *Mint.*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

Arthur,

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life ! (y' hich did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *Drop* or *Nosstrum* can this plague remove ?
 Or which must end me a Fool's wrath or love ? 30
 A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye :
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave exceeds all Power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head ;

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse ?

Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse ?

N O T E S.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq;

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd stanzas*.

VER. 38. *honest anguish,*] i. e. real pity for mistaken talents.

Ibid. an aching head ;] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with,

And

TO THE SATIRES. 43

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45

"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

ALLUSION.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes*]

"Dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
"Easy my unpremeditated Verse." Mil.

Bless

Bless me ! a packet.—“ ’Tis a stranger sues, 55
 “ A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.”
 If I dislike it, “ Furies, death and rage !”
 If I approve, “ Commend it to the Stage.”
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The Play’rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir’d that the house reject him, “ ’Sdeath I’ll print it,
 “ And shame the fools—Your int’rest, Sir, with
 “ Lintot.”

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :
 “ Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”
 All my demurs but double his attacks ; 65
 At last he whispers, “ Do ; and we go snacks.”
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

’Tis sung, when Midas’ Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred Person and a King) 70

V A R I A T I O N S,

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends,

N O T E S.

VER. 69, *’Tis sung, when Midas’, &c.*] The Poet means,
 sung by *Perfius* ; and the words alluded to are,

“ Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle !

“ Auriculas Afini Mida Rex habet.”

The transition is fine, but obscure : for he has here imitated the *manner* of that mysterious Writer, as well as taken up his *image*. Our Author had been hitherto complaining of the folly and importunity of *indigent* Scriblers ; he now insinuates that he suffered as much of both, from Poetasters of *quality*.

TO THE SATIRES. 15

His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
 I'd never Name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

NOTES.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*. P.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:]* i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

ALLUSION.

VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 "Impavidum serient ruinæ." *Hor.* P.

Who

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer!
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-sake—you'll offend,
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.

N O T E S.

VER. 92. *The Creature's at his dirty work again,*] This direct *metamorphosis*, as it were, of the Scribler into a *Spider*, is much more poetical than a *comparison* would have been. But Poets should be cautious how they employ this figure; for where the likeness is not very striking, instead of giving force, they become obscure. Here every thing concurs to make them run into one another. They both *spin*; not from the *head* [reason] but from the *guts* [passions and prejudices] and such a *thread* that can entangle none but creatures weaker than themselves.

VER. 98. *free masons Moore?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions,

Of

TO THE SATIRES. 37

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105

It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :

Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,

And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court : 115

I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir ! you have an Eye"—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me, 120

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe ;

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;

Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 118. *Sir ! you have an Eye.*] It is remarkable, that amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Mars* held his head :"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left

V A R I A T I O N S .

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which you and Curl * admire,
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire † :
 And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
 I had it from my Mother ‡, not the Muse.
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl set up his head for a sign. † His Father was crooked.
 ‡ His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

N O T E S .

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He used to say, that he began to write verses further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's *Homer* fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' *Ovid*; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hide-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and suffered to go to the Comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the *Iliad* into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me through, this long disease, my Life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT ! thy Art and Care,
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish ? *Granville* the polite, 135
 And knowing *Walsb*, would tell me I could write ;
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays ;

NOTES.

the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax, and contrived to have all the actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spencer, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic poem; the satire which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges et prælia, &c.*

VER. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his Father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.*

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140
 And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense ?

Like

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden ; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces : persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age ; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

"While pure Description held the place of Sense," &c. P.

VER. 146. *Burnets*, &c.] Authors of secret and scandalous History.

Ibid. *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.] By no means Authors of the same class ; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.

VER. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty* ;
 and

TO THE SATIRES.

21

Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste and sense. 160
Comma's and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:

Each

NOTES.

and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like childrens delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which when frugally managed, and artfully disposed, might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream,*] is a verse of Mr. Addison.

Ibid. *A painted Mistress, or a purling Stream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windsor-Forest*.

VER. 163. *these ribalds.*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholastic*.

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n

NOTES.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West; and its tail, *verbal criticism*, was, of course, to rise with it; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither philosophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Lascaurus* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It has been since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a linguist, that *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school: and even since it has been found out that Pope had *no invention*, and is only a Poet by courtesy. For though time has stripped the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier RIBALDS raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West: insomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEAEXEIA. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse, in *Perseus*, no one knew but God and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Laetus*, in excess of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the costliness of his sacrifices.

But

Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

Pretty !

NOTES.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought Ciceronians carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style : Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias*, great overgrown Epistles. But *ERASMUS* cured their frenzy by that master-piece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

His son *Joseph* and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalship with the antient. Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another ? The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies : for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first a monster of ignorance ; and the other, a slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot. But so great was his love of sacred amity at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiocy, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships—Je ne cesse de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié*. The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary : *Vous vous pouvez assurer que notre Eusebe sera un trésor des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique*. But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his bookseller of his own Person. This bookseller was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press ; and desired the Author would give him directions

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms 169
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !

NOTES.

directions concerning his picture, which was to be set before the book. *Julius's* answer (as it stands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of *Maffiniffa*, *Xenophon*, and *Plato*, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmafius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself; as *Mr. Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, *Mess. Gaulman* and *Mauffac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed, they three could make head against all the Learned in Europe: To which the great *Salmafius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M, *Mauffac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Voffius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and one whom I should have thought, this Critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable *PRISCIAN*, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urceus* went further, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam ego tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair.

The

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry ; I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

NOTES.

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. “Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et sollers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum.”

VER. 169. *Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms, &c.*] Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his Friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet: the liquid *Amber* of whose Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled such a quantity of these *Insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive: such as the Rev. Dr. *Zachary Grey*; *Thomas Edwards*, Esq; and, to make up the *Triumvirate*, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.—As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired; for the most detestable things in nature, as a *toad* or a *beetle*, become pleasing, when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought: for though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists entombed*; a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

VER. 173. *Were others angry :*] The Poets.

VER. 174.—*I gave them but their due.*] Our Author always found those, he commended, less *sensible* than those he reprov'd. The reason is plain. He gave the latter *but their due*; and the other thought, they had no more.

A man's

All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 Blest

NOTES:

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition ; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

VER. 193. *but were there One whose fires, &c.*] Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant intercourse of good Offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation ; warned his friend against a blind attachment to party ; and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription ; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own (see note on ver. 215. 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* so brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A narrative of his madness*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy : and then it was he encouraged Phillips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners* ; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View

NOTES.

long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosycrucian System*. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* appeared under the name of Mr. Tickel; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a severe critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that

TO THE SATIRES. 29

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

NOTES.

that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about *Wycherley*; in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given *Gildon* ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed; which was the *CHARACTER*, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

Ibid. but were there One whose fires, &c.] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, "Since you now know where your strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric poetry to its perfection.

Willing

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the *Iliad*.

N O T E S.

VER. 208. *And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;*] He was one of those obliging persons who are the *humble Servants* of all Mankind. Mr. Pope therefore did wisely; he soon returned his share in him, to the common stock. An agreeable French writer of the fair sex describes this sort of Character well—"Rempli de ces de-
 "fautes qui aident à plaire, et empêchent de servir."

VER. 212. *And wonder with a foolish face of praise.*] When men, out of flattery, extol what they are conscious they do not understand, as is sometimes the case even of men of education, the fear of praising in the wrong place is likely enough to give a *foolish* turn to the air of an embarrassed countenance.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,

Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,

On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

NOTES.

VER. 213. *Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?*] While such a Character is *unapplied*, all the various parts of it will be considered together; and if the assemblage of them be as incoherent as in this before us, it cannot fail of being the object of a malignant pleasantry.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem; then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falshood, which some of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack-Booksellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. P.

I fought no homage from the Race that write ;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their fight : 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great GEORGE ! a birth-day
 song.

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my Days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234: in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 236.—*a true Pindar stood without a head*] Rid-
 icules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhi-
 bit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statutes, for Plato,
 Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urfin. &c.* P.

Much

Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearſal was assign'd,
 And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
 Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
 But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey goole quill!
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill! 250

So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
 Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whiffled off my hands!
 Bleſt be the *Great* for thoſe they take away: 255
 And thoſe they left me: for they left me GAY;

NOTES.

VER. 248.—*help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having
 lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtow'd
 upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of Quality. P.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman, &c.*] Notwithſtanding
 his ridicule on the public neceſſities of the Great, our Poet
 was candid enough to confeſs that they are not always to
 be imputed to them, as their *private* diſtreſſes generally
 may. For (when uninfected by the neighbourhood of Party)
 he ſpeaks of thoſe neceſſities much more diſpaſſionately.

“ Our Miniſters like Gladiators live,

“ 'Tis half their buſineſs blows to ward, or give;

“ The good their Virtue would effect, or Senſe,

“ Dies between Exigents and Self-defence.”

MS.

VOL. IV.

D

Left

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return 259
 My Verse, and QUEENSBERY weeping o'er thy urn!
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too !
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please :
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I fought, and seek them still ;
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
 The World I knew, but made it not my School *,
 And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By not making the *World* his *School* he means, he did not form his system of morality, on the principles or practice of men in business.

NOTES.

VER. 265—*tho' I condescend, &c.*] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an honest Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy*: for of what *Ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

Why

TO THE SATIRES.

35

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274
 " I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
 " No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?
 Curst

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. In the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

P.

NOTES.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French Writer says well on this occasion—*Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.*

VER. 273.—*or, to be grave, &c.*] This important truth, concerning the *Soul*, was always so present with him, that, in his more serious hours he used to say, *That he was certain of its immortality, that he seemed to feel it, as it were, within him by intuition.*

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?*] The discovery of a conceal'd author by his *Style*, not only
 D 2 requires

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give

V A R I A T I O N S.

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

A. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.

P. Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

N O T E S.

requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an Author by his style, is-like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that “it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, “incorrect and unfinished.” I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion; who took the lead, and who sometimes have intruded on the Town the dullest performances, for works of wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye, unobserved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with success, in the *Essay on Man*: which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Younge, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same Public, when

TO THE SATIRES.

37

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lye, lame Slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :

NOTES.

Let into the secret, would for some time after, suffer no poem, with a moral title, to pass for any man's but his, So the *Essay on human Life, the Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him.

This, and a great deal more he added on the same occasion, and assured me, that his *new Dunciad* would be full as well understood. He was not mistaken. This *fourth book*, the most studied and highly finished of all his Poems, was esteemed *obscure* (a name which, in excess of modesty, the reader gives to what he does not understand) and but a faint imitation, by some common hand, of the other three. He had himself, the malicious pleasure to hear this judgment passed on his favourite work, by several of his acquaintance; a pleasure more to his taste than the flatteries they used to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him. Of which he gave me another instance, that afforded him much diversion. While these Acquaintance read *the Essay on Man* as the work of an unknown Author, they fairly owned they did not understand it; but when the reputation of the poem became secured by the knowledge of the Writer, it soon grew so clear and intelligible, that, on the appearance of the *Comment* on it, they told him, they wondered the Editor should think a large and minute interpretation, necessary.

D 3

Who

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray:

Who

N O T E S.

VER. 293.—*selfishly approve,*] Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own heart or understanding.

VER. 294. *And shew the sense of it without the love;*] i. e. will never suffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *esteem* for him to whom it belongs.

VER. 295, 296.

Who has the vanity to call you friend,

Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;] When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our Country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference. Horace warned his friend against this excessive selfishness, not to say, baseness of mind;

“ At penitus notum si tentent crimina, serves,

“ Tuterisque tuo fidentur tuo præsidio: qui

“ Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid

“ Ad te post paulo ventura pericula sentis.”

A late Imitator of Horace, in the manner of Mr. Pope has turned this with great elegance and spirit: which because it so well suits the occasion, I shall here transcribe,

“ But

Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk? 306
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys, 311
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

NOTES.

- " But should the man in whom (rare union!) shine
- " Wit's glowing graces, Reason's spark divine,
- " Whose modest manners virtue's self approves,
- " Whom Wisdom leads thro' Learning's inmost groves,
- " Stand the fierce rage of envy's motley train,
- " The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain,
- " Arise! and nobly feeling for your Friend,
- " His morals vindicate, his fame defend,
- " Till bursting thro' the cloud, with bright'ning ray
- " Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day."

18 E. 1. L. imitated by Mr. Neville.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who could have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. P.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:

N O T E S.

VER. 319. See Milton; Book iv.

P.

VER. 320. *Half froth*,] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people, *Toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

That

That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.
 That not in Fancy's maze he wandered long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
 • That

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long.*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris. "I intend to send you two
 " or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best poet of England,
 " and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible
 " of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look
 " upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior
 " to the *Art of poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the*
 " *Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux.
 " I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces,
 " so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." MS. Lett. OE. 15, 1726.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:*] This may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintillian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus: unum ne tentes quod effici non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, *Dryden*; who, by his *Mac-Flecno*, his *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*, but chiefly by his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he seemed neither to understand nor attend to it.

Ibid.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance, on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape.
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;

N O T E S.

Ibid. But stoop'd to Truth] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untam'd birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey.

VER. 343. *He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,*] His ranking the *timid friend*, with one of the highest evils of life, a *furious foe*, has great justness and dignity of sentiment: for with the *timid friend*, he had to combat the false maxims of prudence, which such a friend would have to object to him; and these could not be handled as they deserved, without detecting the low, paltry views of the adviser, covered over with the name of friendship.

VER. 350. *the lye so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*. P.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

Abuse,

Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,

NOTES.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 356. *The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *Greatness* in the following line:

“ Rain *sacrificial whisperings* in his ear.”

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates*] What force and elegance of Expression! which, in one word, conveys to us the *physical* effects of sound, and the *moral* effects of an often repeated slander.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!]* This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady *Virtue*, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Gibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfed's* lye.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. In the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless Youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit;
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

VER. 375. *Welfed's lye*.] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for *Hom*er, from him, or from *Any great Man*, whatsoever. P.

To

To please his Mistress one aspers'd his life; 376
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write what e'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

Yct

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of *Dr. Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*;] Alluding to *Tindal's Will*: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. P.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Carl's* and other pamphlets, *Mr. Pope's* father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: and the following line,

“ Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,”

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. *Mr. Pope's* Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq; of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—*Mr. Pope* died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own, 390

And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.

Born

N O T E S.

93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham. in Middlesex;

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO PROBO. PIO.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

P.

VER. 390. A. *What fortune, pray?*] His friend's personating *the Town* in this place, and assuming its impertinent curiosity, gives great spirit to the ridicule of the question.—Julian has a parallel stroke, in his sarcastic discourse to the people of Antioch, where he tells them a story out of Plutarch, concerning Cato; who when he came near their City, found their youth under arms, and the magistrates in their robes of office. On which, alighting
 in

TO THE SATIRES.

47

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 405. In the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

NOTES.

in an ill humour with his friends, who he imagined had informed them of his approach, the Master of the ceremonies came up; and, advancing before the company, accosted him in this manner; "Stranger, how far off is Demetrius?" *Now this Demetrius (says Julian) was one of Pompey's freedmen, and immensely rich. You will ask me WHAT HE WAS WORTH; for I know nothing so likely to excite your curiosity. Why, truly, for this, you must consult Demophilas the Bythinian, whose anecdotes turn chiefly upon subjects of this high importance.*

O grant

O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die ! 404
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES,

VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*
 An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. *Whether that blessing, &c.* He makes his friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the character both of his temper, and his piety.

ADVERTISING

THE OBJECT OF THE FOLLOWING
PUBLICATION IS TO
GIVE AN ADEQUATE
VIEW OF THE
SATIRES and EPISTLES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

VOL. IV.

E

SATIRES and EPISTLES

HORACE

IMITATED.

Imitatio Horatii in Epistolis et Satiris

Vol. IV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The *Satires* of Dr. *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not the world's greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a true *Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtutis atque ejus Amicis. P.

THE FIRST SATIRE
OF THE SECOND BOOK OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious when Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which con-

sists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius : And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of *Imitation*, which is of the nature of *Parody*, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of *Imitations* to his *Satires*, than like Despreaux, to give the name of *Satires* to *Imitations*.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. THEBATUS.

HORATIUS.

SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebatî,
Quid faciam? praecribe.

T. Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, si non
Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

NOTES.

VER. 2. *Scarce to wife Peter—Chartres*] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators; and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for dunces and scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his pen.

II.

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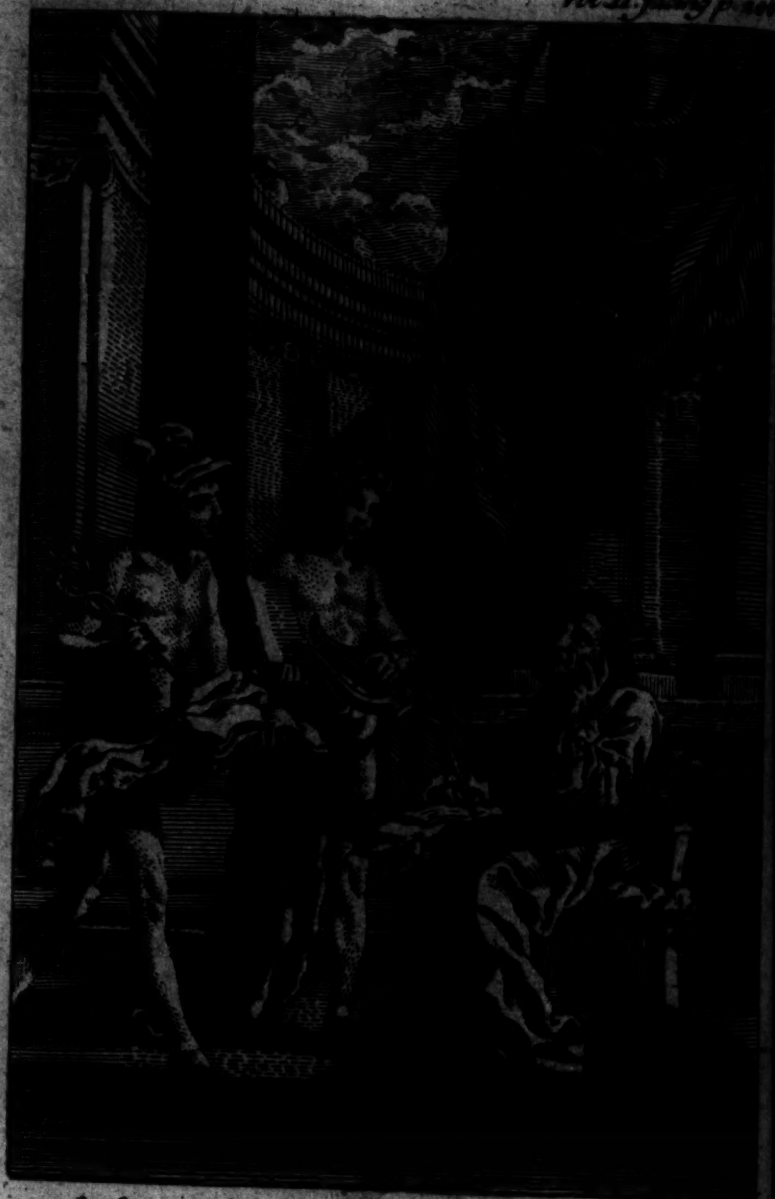
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*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

Ep. to Satires part 2.

SATIRE I

TO MR. FORTESCUE

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

* There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold :

Scarce too with Perverse complaints enough,

And something said of Characters much too rough.

* The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5

Lord Fanny (said) a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

* I come to Council learn'd in the Law :

You'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. * I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

* And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe.* The delicacy of this does not so much lie in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 11. *Not write? &c.* He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer.

Peream male, si non

Optimum erat :

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of
verum nequeo dormire.

T. Ter uncti

Transnanto, Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

z Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, ¹ multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: ¹ neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta* pereuntes *cuspide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T.

NOTES.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 20. *Hartshorn*] This was intended as a pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great mathematician and philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he in a letter to Mr. Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke,

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife:

Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettice and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise;

You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir¹ Richard, rumbling, rough
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse? A

F.

NOTES.

Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Just so a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetasters to the world's end.

VER. 28. *falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pre-
senter,

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem;

Scipladam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret : ¹ nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Caesaris* aurem :

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu

Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?

^a Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*,
et odit.

H. ^o Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

^p Castor

NOTES.

tender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

VER. 39. *Abuse the City's best good men in metre,*] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence.

VER. 42. *What should ail 'em ?*] Horace hints at one reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next* ; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates,

F. * Then all your Muse's softer art display,
 Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. † Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year ;
 And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
 It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. ‡ Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme *Quadrille*,
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
 * Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em ?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ° Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
 Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye ;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she ;

NOTES.

sinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye* ;] This lover of Ham-pye owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil ; and said, he had done justice to his taste ; but that if instead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardon-

Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris ; neque, si male gesserat, usquam

Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus,

anceps :

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

Missus

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all else, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the justness nor elegance of

“ ovo prognatus eodem : ”

For tho' it may appear odd, that those *who come from the same Egg* should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary ; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things else*, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne :*] They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech ; and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, which have gained him the love and esteem of his readers : the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his hearers. For as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, “ Maledicit

“ INERUDITUS

F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,

NOTES.

“ INERUBITUS apertius et saepius, cum periculo etiam
 suo. Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime ho-
 mines audiant ea quae dicere ipsi noluisse.”

VER. 56. *the medium must be clear.*] Alluding to a foun-
 tain of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bot-
 tom are discovered. This thought assisted him in the easy
 and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,*
 Inferior to the Original:

“ Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris,” etc.

Persius alluded to this idea, when he said,
 “ Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!” etc.

Papist

Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta.] • sed hic stylus haud petit ultra
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ens
 Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
 'Tutus ab infestis latronibus?' O pater et rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec

NOTES.

VER. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, &c.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and awkwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably improved, in a lively character of himself, and his writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my Weapon,*] In these words our Author has happily explained the true character of Horace's ironical apology; which is to this purpose: Nature, says he, has given all creatures the means of offence and defence: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and I have a talent for satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates his claim to this his *natural* weapon, *Satire*, he shews its moral use; it was to expose the noxious qualities which nature had given Cervius for *informing*, Canidia for *poisoning*, and Turius for *passing sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Heftors, &c.*] Superior to,

"tutus ab infestis latronibus,"

which

Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet

To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;

I only wear it in a land of Hector's,

Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust

Swords, pikes, and gums, with everlasting rust!

" Peace

NOTES.

which only carries on the metaphor in

" ——— enfis

" *Vagina tectus;*"

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading companies sent with their ships, and intrusted with their concerns abroad.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army! &c.*] " Une Maladie nouvelle (says the admirable Author de *L'esprit de Loix*) s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre desordonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient *nécessairement contagieuse*. Car si-tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la ruine commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT
 " D'EFFORT

Nec quisquam noceat " cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
 * Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

† Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;
 Canidiâ Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum ;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes,
 * Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum ? * Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem ; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum ?
 Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
 bos)

Sed mala tollet animum vitiato melle cicuta.

† Ne longum faciam : seu me tranquilla senectus
 Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis ;

Dives,

NOTES.

" D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est-
 " elle si ruinée, que les particuliers, qui seroient dans la
 " situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du
 " monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre.
 " Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses & le commerce
 " de tout l'univers ; & bientôt, à force d'avoir des soldats,
 " nous n'aurons plus que des soldats, & nous serons
 " comme des Tartares."

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems
 to be more spirit here than in the original : But it is hard

Peace is my dear delight--not FLEURY's more: 75

But touch me, and no minister so sore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

* Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

† Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

‡ Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and 'Asses lift their heels;

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

§ So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

¶ Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

NOTES.

to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

“*Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;*”

yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the character or history of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper pow'r to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

Dives, inops ; Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul ;

• Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

T. • O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo ; et majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

H. • Quid ? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

NOTES.

VER. 93—96. *Whether Old age—shade*] The Original is more finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our Author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original.

“ Quisquis erit vitæ color.”

VER. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace ; and is so still with our witty Neighbours ; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines,

“ Eh ! Que fait-on ? Un simple badinage,
 “ Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sor,
 “ Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage :
 “ Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot.”

Deltra.

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write :
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ^d Alas, young man ! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song !

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life !

P. ^c What ? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ; 106
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car ;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star ;

NOTES.

VER. 104. *Will club their Testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous ; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it ; as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich ; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety.

VER. 105—120. *What ? arm'd for Virtue, &c.*] This is not only superior to Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello?
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;

Scilicet

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just *Satire* is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of Church or State.

VER. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.

Ibid. Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

“*Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,*”

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers.

Sat. I. OF HORACE. 73

Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws!
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain III
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not ' strip the gilding off a Knave, III5
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.

Yes,

NOTES.

Homers. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design: for so great a Genius (he said) ought not to be confined to Translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same time he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer he was solely indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Hallifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a year were then at his service: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a

IMITATIONS Book II.

Scilicet : UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS
AMICIS.

¹ Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae, et mitis sapientia Laeli,

Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
¹ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido;

nisi

NOTES.

pension, without its being known, or even coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a Proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200 l. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head; and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: But the Precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

VER. 129 And HE, whose lightning, &c.] Charles Mor-
daunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took
Barce-

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit to his grave. 120
 To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
 There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul :
 And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

I *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of State,

With

NOTES.

Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterpris'd and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P.

VER. 133. *Envy must own, &c.*] Horace makes the point of Honour to consist simply in his living familiarly with the Great ;

“ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
 “ Invidia.”

Our Poet, more nobly, in his living with them on the foot of an honest man.——He prided himself in this superiority, as appears from the following words, in a Letter to Dr. Swift. “ To have pleas'd great men, according to

^k nisi quod tu, *docte Trebati*,
Dissentis.

T. ⁱ Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :

^m “ Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,
“ *jus est*

“ *Judiciumque.*”

H. Esto, si quis ⁿ *mala*. sed *bona* si quis

Judice

NOTES.

“ Horace, is a Praise ; but not to have flattered them,
“ and yet not have displeased them, is a greater.” *Let. VII,*
Jan. 12, 1723.

VER. 146. *A man was bang'd, &c.] Si mala condiderit—*
A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly.
“ L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit le plus
“ les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits
“ Souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mépriser
“ les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va con-
“ tre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point
“ jusqu'à lui ; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de
“ part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une
“ Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les écrits satiriques.”
De L'Esprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

VER. 150, 151. *Libels and Satires ! lawless things indeed !*
But grave Epistles, &c.] The legal objection is here more
justly

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats; 136
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—

* What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. ¹ Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;

^m Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. ⁿ *Libels* and *Satires*! lawless things indeed! 150

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

NOTES.

justly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace
 evades the force of it with a quibble,

“ *Esto, si quis mala, sed bona si quis—* ”

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a
 serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the *inte-*
ger ipse of the Original does not: for however this might
 plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their be-
 ing *grave Epistles* could justify the attack.

Such

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

VER. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

“Solventur risu tabulae.”

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

but as soon as Sir ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is alter'd*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint, that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confess *the Case was alter'd?*

OF HONOR

In case of the death of a person, the estate of the deceased is divided into two parts, the real estate and the personal estate. The real estate is divided into the land and the buildings, and the personal estate is divided into the goods and the chattels.

The real estate is divided into the land and the buildings, and the personal estate is divided into the goods and the chattels. The land is divided into the freehold and the leasehold, and the buildings are divided into the freehold and the leasehold.

The goods are divided into the real goods and the personal goods, and the chattels are divided into the real chattels and the personal chattels. The real goods are divided into the land and the buildings, and the personal goods are divided into the goods and the chattels.

The real chattels are divided into the land and the buildings, and the personal chattels are divided into the goods and the chattels. The land is divided into the freehold and the leasehold, and the buildings are divided into the freehold and the leasehold.

**THE SECOND SATIRE
OF THE SECOND BOOK OF
HORACE.**

SATIRA II.

• **Q**UAE virtus, et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
 (Nec meus hic sermo ; sed quae praecepit
 Ofellus,

Rusticus, ^d *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)
 Discite, • non inter lances, *mensasque nitentes* ;
 Cum stupet *insanes acies fulgoribus*, et cum
 Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat :
 • Verum hic *imprans* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?
 Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito ; vel (si Romana fatigat
 Militia assuetum Graecari) seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco :
 Cum labor extuderit fastidia ; ficcus, inanis,
 Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
 Ne biberis diluta. ⁱ foris est promus, et atrum

Defen-

NOTES.

VER. 5, 6.—*a gilt Buffet's reflected pride*
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;] More
 forcibly and happily expressed than the original, *acclinis*
falsis ; though that be very elegant.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and
the Art

To live on little with a chearful heart;

(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.

Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL. The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Defendens pisces hiemat mare : cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
 Quî partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quaere
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

* Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius, quam gallina tergere palatum;
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia vaneat auro
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda :
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vefceat
 ista,

Quam laudas, pluma ? coctovenum adest honor idem !
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac magis illa ;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.

Unde datum sentis, lupo hic, Tiberinus, in alto
 Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci ? ¹ laudas, infane, *trilibrem*
Mullum ; in singulaquem minuas pulmenta necesse est,
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos* ? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

¶ *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos.
 Præ-

VER. 25. *Oldfield*.] This eminent Glutton ran thro' a
 fortune

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

* Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

¹ Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess ?
Because God made these large, the other less.
^m Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
Cries " Send me, Gods ! a whole Hog barbecu'd ! "

NOTES.

VER. 25. *Oldfield.*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A West Indian term of Gluttony ; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. P.

ⁿ Praesentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia : quam
quam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum sollicitat stomachum ; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidus mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum : nam *vilibus ovis*

Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî praeconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid ? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant ?

ᵖ Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo

• Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *affos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.

ˆ Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice : nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. • Avidienus

ˆ Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Oh blast it, South-winds !*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion of the original, *coquite*.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head ;*] A famous Eating-House. P.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish*] There is force and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

Quin-

Oh blast it, ^a South-winds ! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink ?

39

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,

He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :

^b Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see ; 35

Thus much is left of old Simplicity !

^c The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,

And children sacred held a Martin's nest,

Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear

To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.

49

^d Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,

I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;

Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend ;

I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

^e 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother

45

About one vice, and fall into the other :

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean ;

Plain, but not sordid ; tho' not splendid, clean.

^f Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,

For him you'll call a ^g dog, and her a bitch)

50

NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch, &c.*]
Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt.

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;

^u Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum* ; et

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum

^w *Festos* albatu celebrat) cornu ipse bilibri

Caulibus instillat, ^x *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum

Utrum imitabitur ? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

^y Mundus erit, qua non offendant sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ^a Hic neque *servi*

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Saevus erit ; nec sic ut simplex ^b Naevius, *unctam*

Convivis praebebit *aquam* : vitium hoc quoque magnum.

^c Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum

Afferat. ^d In primis valeas bene ; nam variae res

Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,

Quae simplex ^e *olim* tibi federit. at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis ;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ^f Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Coena

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine :
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some ^w lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, ^x old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :
 Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60
^y He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;
 Nor ^a stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
 Nor lets, like ^b Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
^c Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
^d First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry
 dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft ^e the School-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
^f How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest 75
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast !

Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
 Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.

§ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.
 ¶ Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
 Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus*: ubique
 Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. ¶ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
 Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem; seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

¶ *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia nasus
 Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 Integrum

NOTES.

VER. 79, 80. *The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, even in sound Divines.*]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

“affigit humo divinae particulam aurea.”

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine,

What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
 The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

‡ On morning wings how active springs the Mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
 How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

^h Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
 Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage.

And more the sickness of long life, Old age;
ⁱ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90

^k Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last; 94
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

NOTES.

doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the Original.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;*] A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ¹ hos utinam
inter.

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

^m Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine* gratior aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque

Grande ferunt una ⁿ cum *damno dedecus*, adde

° Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

^p As, *laquei* pretium.

^q Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo,

Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* infumere possis?

Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare

Templa

NOTES:

VER. 117, 118. O Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

“Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite.”

is here admirably paraphrased. And it is observable in these *Imitations*, that where our Poet keeps to the sentiments of Horace, he rather piques himself in excelling the most finished touches of his Original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. Of this elegance of Ambition, all his Writings bear such marks, that it gave Countenance to an invidious imputation, as if his chief talent lay in copying finely. But if ever there

Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)

Who has not learn'd, ⁿ fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105

Curs'd by thy ^o neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

To friends, to fortune, to Mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And ^p buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

^q "Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need

"To have a Taste is insolence indeed:

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let ^r Bounty spread her ray, 115

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

NOTES.

there was an Original in Poetry it was Pope. But his fancy was so corrected by his judgment, and his imitation so spirited by his genius, that what he *improved* struck the vulgar eye more strongly than what he *invented*.

Shall

* *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur, improbe, carae*

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

* *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne*

* *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

* *Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus*

Osellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

*Quam nunc * accisis. Videas, metato in agello,*

Cum pecore et gnatas, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam,

NOTES.

VER. 122. *As M* *o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

“ cur, Improbe! carae

“ Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.”

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party: who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient

Shall half the ' new built churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall : 120
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M * * o's was, but not at five per cent.

' Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her
 mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And " who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

* Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
 thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of Thousands, than if now " *Excis'd*;

In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

NOTES.

ficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus :

" quare

" *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum ?*"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire.

VER. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

Content

Quidquam, praeter ^x *olus* fumosae cum pede pernae,

Ac mihi seu ^y *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,

Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinis; bene erat; non *pistibus* urbe petitis,

Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo*: tum ^z *pensilis uva* secundas

Et *nux* ornabat *menfas*, cum *duplice ficu*.

Post hoc ludus erat ^a *cuppa* potare magistra:

Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.

^b Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,

aut vos,

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ^c *novus incola* venit?

Nam

NOTES.

VER. 150. *And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.*
The pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives. But it contains, too, a sober

Content with little I can piddle here
 On ^x brocoli and mutton, round the year ;
 But ^y ancient friends (tho' poor or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140

'Tis true, no ^z Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
 own :

From yon old walnut-tree a shew'r shall fall ; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine :
 Then ^b chearful healths (your Mistrefs shall have
 place)

And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost !
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after ^c Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ; 155
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;

NOTES.

a sober reproof of people of condition, for their unmanly
 and brutal disuse of so natural a duty.

Nam ^d *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
 Illum aut ^e nequities aut ^f *vafri inscitia juris*,
 Postremum expellet certe ^g *vivacior heres*,
^h Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
 Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 165. *Well, if the use be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, "My
 " Landlady, Mrs. Vernon, being dead, this Garden and
 " House are offered me in sale; and, I believe (together
 " with the cottages on each side my grass plot next the
 " Thames) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I
 " thought any very particular friend would be pleased to
 " live in it after my death (for, as it is, it serves all my
 " purposes as well, during life) I would purchase it;
 " and more particularly could I hope two things; that
 " the Friend who should like it, was so much younger
 " and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its
 " continuing his, some years longer than I can of its
 " continuing

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 " Pray Heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT) as you go on ;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's ^d *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ^e Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or in pure ^f equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ^g ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own.
^h Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

The

NOTES.

" continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it ; and unless I have
 " such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure
 " that does not stop short of the Grave."—So that we see
 (what some who called themselves his friends would not
 believe) his thoughts in prose and verse were the same.

VER. 170. *Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir.*] The
 expression well describes the surprize an heir must be in
 to find himself excluded by that Instrument which was
 made

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ¹ quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

made to secure his succession. For Butler humourously defines a *Jointure* to be the act whereby Parents

“ ———— turn
“ Their Childrens Tenants, ere they’re born.”

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham’s, &c.*] Villers Duke of
Buckingham. P.

And Hemley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

NOTES.

VER. 179. *Let lands and houses, &c.*] The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF

HORACE

THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

P R I M A dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
^b Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens, ^c Veianius, armis
^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.
^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
 Solve ^g senescentem mature fanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*
 An occasional stroke of satire on ill-placed ornaments.
 He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste*,

“ Load

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why^b will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
 See Modest^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Gen'als now, ^d retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

^f A voice there is that whispers in my ear, II
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g Muse take
 " breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;

NOTES.

" Load some vain Church with old theatric state,

" Turn *Arms of Triumph* to a garden gate.

VER. 10. *ev'n in Brunswick's cause*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cause*. But the terms are synonymous.

Nunc itaque et ^b versus, et *caetera ludicra* pono :

Quid ⁱ verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omni*

in hoc sum :

^k Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, ⁱ quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter :

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

^m Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor ⁿ *civilibus undis*,

Virtutis verae custos, ^o *rigidusque satelles* :

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse,*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described : stiff and not strong ; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor : and therefore here humourously opposed to Pegasus.

P.

VER. 26. *And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,*] *i. e.* Chuse either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these writers as the best schools to form a man for the world ; or to give him a knowledge of himself :
Montagne

“ Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15

“ You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor’s
“ horse.”

Farewell then ^h Verse, and Love, and ev’ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;

What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,

Let this be all my care—for this is All : 20

To lay this ^k harvest up, and hoard with haste

What ev’ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^l Doctors I apply ?

Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I :

As drives the ^m storm, at any door I knock: 25

And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,

Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,

Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,

Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true: 30

Some-

NOTES.

Montagne excelling in his observations on social and civil life ; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

VER. 30. *Still true to Virtue—with Aristippus, or St. Paul,*]

It was the Poet’s purpose in this place to give us the picture of his own mind, not that of Horace’s ; who tells us, he sometimes went with *Zeno*, and sometimes with *Aristippus* ; the extremes of whose different systems, Tully thus justly censures : “ Ut quoniam *Aristippus*, quasi animum nullum habeamus, corpus solum tætur ; *Zeno* “ quasi corporis simus expertes, animum solum complectitur.” But neither truth nor decency would suffer our Poet to say, that, to suit himself to the times, he went

Nunc in * Aristippi *furtim* praecepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

¶ Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda *fluunt ingrataque* tempora, quae spem
Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter, *id, quod*
Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque,
Aeque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.

Refat,

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

NOTES.

into either of these follies. To shew us therefore that he took no more from the Stoics than their sincerity and warmth for the interests of virtue, he compares himself to a friend, in whom he observed that warmth. And by joining St. Paul with Aristippus he would insinuate, that he took no more from the Cyrenaic sect than a charitable compliance to occasions, for the benefit of his neighbour. Thus in serving himself of his Friend, to temper the rigidity of one sect of philosophy, while the Apostle is employed to rectify the looseness of the other, he brings Mr. Lyttelton and St. Paul acquainted; for those who correct opposite extremes must needs meet; and so we see the Patriot in a new point of view: which is, in a virtuous accommodation of himself to seasons and circumstances.

VER. 32. Indulge my candor — Back to my native Moderation shue.] An honest and artful insinuation, that though Parties

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
 Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
 Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
 Long as the Year's dull Circle seems to run,
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:
 So slow th' ^r unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That ^a task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

NOTES.

Parties in the State prosecute their ends on ever so true principles, and with ever so good intentions, yet opposition is apt to make the most scrupulous leaders of them sometimes violate both *candor* and *moderation*. However, by the expression of *indulging his candor*, he would insinuate too, that, when he allowed the least to it, he never violated truth; and, by *sliding back to his native moderation*, that he always kept within the Bounds of reason — But the general sense of the whole passage is, that when he went with the Stoics, who advise a *public* life, the character of his *civil* virtue was *rigid*; when he went with the Cyrenaics, who encourage a *private*, that the character of his *social* was *indulgent*.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure*;] i. e. *Can want nothing*: badly expressed.

^a *Resat*, ut his ego me ipse regam ^b *solerque el-*
mentis :

Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire ^c *tenus*, si non datur ultra.

^d *Fervet* Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et ^e *magnam* morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? Sunt ^f *certa piacula*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello:

^g *Invidus*, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^h *amator*;
Nemo ⁱ *adeo ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

NOTES.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mead—*] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no
" end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are
" in general the most amiable companions, and the best
" friends, as well as the most learned men I know."

† Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some ^u comfort not to be a fool.
 † Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to ^x go back, is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ^r blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
 Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can
 controll

† Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:
 Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh
 apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60
 Be ^b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 † Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ^d Bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

NOTES.

VER. 58. *Between the Fits*—] The sense of,
 “ *magnam morbi deponere partem*,
 is here very happily expressed. And

“ *Ter pure lecto*, etc.
 in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole
 passage, which describes the use and efficacy of satire, is
 admirably imitated.

'Tis

• Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes;
Ne cures^h ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?

“i Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

“o

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty!*] Tho' this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original; where Horace makes Poverty pursue, and keep pace with, the Miser in his flight.

“Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.”
But what follows,

“Wilt thou do nothing,” etc.
far surpasses the Original.

VER. 77. *Here Wisdom calls, etc.*] All from hence to ver. 110, is a pretty close translation: but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the imitation of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
 But to the world no ' bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small Estate.
 To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here, Wisdom calls: " Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 " As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There,

NOTES.

haps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

" Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which only says, *That as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue*: in which *simple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object, *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now first appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but

“ O cives, cives ! ^k quaerenda pecunia primum est ;

Virtus post nummos : haec ^l *Janus summus* ab imo

Prodocet : haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

▪ Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est ⁿ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque ;

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,

• *Plebs* eris. ^p at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

NOTES.

but a truly great genius can afford to indulge ; I mean his extreme readiness, and unfeigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes ; this, with an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation than any man I ever knew.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,* [i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,* [They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint ; but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at the ear* of the Scrivener describes the position it is usually found in, and alludes to the custom of the American canibals,

There, London's voice: ^k "Get Money, Money still!

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,

From 'low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

From him whose ^m quills stand quiver'd at his ear,

To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁿ spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85

"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
pounds;

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Barnard, thou art a ^o Cit, with all thy worth;

But Bug and D*1, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry ^p child another song will sing,

"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,

He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

NOTES.

bals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) instead of a quiver for their *poison'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds,*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both under the guidance of an integrity, superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him.

And

Si recte facies. Hic ^a *murus aheneus esto,*

Nil *conscire* tibi, nulla *palescere* culpa.

^r Roscia, dic fodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* ^s *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis* ?

^t Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, “ Rem facias ; rem,
“ Si possis, recte ; si non, quocunque modo rem.”

Ut ^u proprius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupili

An, ^v qui fortunae te respondere superbae

Liberum et erectum, ^x *praesens* hortatur et aptat ?

^y Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur

Non, ut ^z porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem ;

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diliget ipse vel odit :

Olim quod ^a vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

No

NOTES.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass ;*)
“ Hic murus aheneus esto.”

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the antient Scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by *a wall of brass* ; for, says Dacier, “ Chacun se fait des difficultez à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées à son goût :” He then sets himself in good earnest about this important inquiry ; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an

old

Let this thy ^a Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;
 Compar'd to this, ^a Minister's an Ass. 96

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?

The modern language of corrupted Peers,
 Or what was spoke at ^a CRESSY and POITIERS?

Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but
 " great, 101

With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;

Get place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;

If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."

For what? to have a ^a Box where Eunuchs sing,
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King. 106

Or ^w he, who bids thee face with studdy view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':

And, ^x while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }

If ^y such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110

Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;

If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark,

That less admires the ^z Palace than the Park:

Faith I shall give the answer ^a Reynard gave:

"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave: 115

NOTES.

old veteran arm'd cap-a-pie in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of Satire.

VER. 97. *And say, &c.*] These four Lines greatly superior to any thing in the Original.

VOL. IV.

I

" Because

Respondit, referam : Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

^b *Bellua multorum est caput. nam quid sequar,
aut quem ?*

Pars hominum gessit ^c conducere publica : sunt qui

^d *Cruetis et panis viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

^e *Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ^f verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

Nallus

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.*] This Expression is used for the joke's sake ; but it hurts his moral ; which is, that *they come out beasts*. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, *vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, &c.*] These two lines are intended for the Moral of a Fable which needed no explaining : so that they impair the grace of it ; at best, as here applied, inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æsop's Fables was properly addressed : but this is too simple a method of conveying Truth to *the well-dressed Rabble of St. James's*.

VER. 126. *Their Country's Wealth our mightier Misery drain,*]

The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public, on the Funds. They have been commonly accused of making

“ Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 “ Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.”
 Adieu to Virtue, if you’re once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King’s a Lion, at the least 120
 The ^b People are a many-headed Beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their ^c Country’s Wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
 Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and
 Brawn; 131

While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, ^e hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
 But shew me one who has it in his pow’r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

NOTES.

ing it a job. But in so corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Ministry: it having been found, on trial, that the wisest and most virtuous citizen of this or any other Age, with every requisite talent in such matters, and supported by all the weight an honest administration could afford him, was, they say, unable to abolish this inveterate mystery of iniquity.

z Nullus in orbe finus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,
Si dixit *dives* ; ^h lacus et mare *sentit* amorem

Festinantis heri : cui si ^l vitiosa *libido*

Fecerit *auspiciū* ; cras *serramenta* *Teanum*

Tolletis, fabri. ^k lectus *genialis* in aula est ?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita :

^l Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem *Protea* nodo ?

Quid ⁿ *pauper* ? ride : mutat ^o *coenacula*, *lectos*,

Balnea, ^p *tonsores* ; conducto navigio aequē

Nauseat, ac locuples, quem ducit *priva* *triemis*,

Si curatus *inaequali* *tonfore* capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte *subucula* *pexæ*

Trita subest *tunicae*, vel si *toga* *dissidet* *impar* ;

NOTES.

VER. 143. Now let some whimsy, &c.] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

“ Cui si vitiosa Libido

“ *Fecerit auspiciū* ;”

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach.

Rides.

Sir Job ^z sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich
 "hill!"

Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }
 Now let some whimsy, or that ⁱ Dev'l within }
 Which guides all those who know not what they }
 mean, }
 But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
 "Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146
 "For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in
 "Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the ^k stocken thrown?
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
 The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a
 quarter, 150

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
 Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch, }
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }
 Well, but the ⁿ Poor--The Poor have the same itch; }
 They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News,
 Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, 156
 Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
 They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^q You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;

Rides. quid, ^r mea cum pugnat *sententia* secum;

Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;

^a Aestuât, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;

^t Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?

^u Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec ^w *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere

A *praetore* dati; rerum ^x tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ^y minor est *Jove*, dives,

^z Liber, ^a honoratus, ^b pulcher, ^c rex denique regum;

Praecipue sanus, ^e nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *when plunder'd*] i. e. By the Public; which has rarely her revenge on her plunderers; and when she has, more rarely knows how to use it.

You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when ^r no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ^s ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I ^t plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
^u You never change one muscle of your face, 171
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor ^w once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my ^x Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd; 181
Rich ^y ev'n when plunder'd, ^z honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd ^a without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; ^b free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Just ^c less than Jove, and much above a King, 186
Nay, half in heav'n---^e except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

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**THE SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
HORACE.**

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
 Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.
 Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui c formidine nulla
 Imbr

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble Acquaintance) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendship.

VER. 4. *Creech,*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

VER. 6. — *Stars that rise and fall,*] The Original is

“—decedentia certis

“Tempora momentis;”

which words simply and literally signify, *the change of seasons*. But this change being considered as an object of admiration,

Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terrae?

Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^e ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo sensu credis et ore?

^h Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

^k Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

I nunc

NOTES.

tens the dignity of the whole thought. He gives it the appellation of a *dreadful All*, because the immensity of God's creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man's being overlooked in this dark and narrow corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with greater matters.

VER. 21. *In either case, believe me, we admire;* i. e. These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown

admire we then what ^d Earth's low Entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas^e infold;
 All the mad trade of ^e Fools and Slaves for Gold?
 or ^f Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
 the Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
 why with what ^g eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 and pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
 If weak the ^h pleasure that from these can spring,
 the fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 in either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse
 surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
 For ^k Virtue's self may too much zeal be had; 26
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

Go

NOTES.

known affect the mind: and consequently betray us into false judgments.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.* The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the same (says he) *whether we joy or grieve*. Why so? Because, in either case, the man is *surprized*, hurried off, and led away captive.

“(The good or bad to one extreme betray

“Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and *snatch the Man away*)”

This happy advantage of the Imitation over the Original, arises from the ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

VER. 27. *The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.*
 Because when men are carried away by their Passions, as

I nunc, argentum et marmor ^m *vetus*, aeraque et
 artes

Suspice: cum gemmis ⁿ Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ^o mille loquentem:

Gnavus ^p mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;

• Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus, et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)

• Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

• Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;

Defodiet

N O T E S.

all Madmen are, he, who has joined the *cause of God to his own*, must needs do the most mischief; as this union gives him additional vigour in the pursuit of his extravagancies, and impresses additional reverence for them on his Followers.

VER. 30. *Procure a TASTE to double the surprize.* This is one of those superior touches that most ennoble a perfect piece. He speaks here of *false Taste*, as appears by his directions how to get it; and how to use it when got. *Procure a Taste*, says he: That is, of the Virtuosi; whose science you are to *buy* for that purpose: for *true Taste*, which is from nature, comes of itself. And how are you to use it? Not to cure you of that bane of life, *admiration*, but to raise and inflame it, by *doubling your surprize*.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected Plate;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize; 30
 And gaze on ^a Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright ^a Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ^a Council-board rejoice,
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
 From ^p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ^a Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
 Shall ^r One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd,
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
 Yet ^a Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
 And

NOTES.

surprize. And this a *false Taste* will always do; there being none so given to raptures as the *Virtuoso-Tribe*: whereas the *Man of true Taste* finds but few things to approve; and those, he approves with moderation.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;*

It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:]

One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The Original is,

“Quicquid sub terra est, in apicem proferet aetas;

“Defodiet, condetque nitentia.”

This

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. * cum bene notum
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;
 Ire tamen restat, Numa * quo devenit et Ancus.

* Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quaere fugam morbi. * vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omiffis

Hoc age *deliciis*.

* virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna? * cave ne portus occupet alter:

No

NOTES.

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People.

VER. 57. *And desp'rate Misery* lays hold on *Dover*.] There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends on its contrast

to

And what is fame? the Meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, ' with all the Pow'r of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords;
 Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride,)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

^w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55

See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover:
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
 There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be ^x blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains; 61
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

^y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly ^z then, on all the Wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire;

NOTES.

slippery medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely *Quicksilver*.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other, in his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

^a Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet ^b uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ^c amicos,

Et genus, et formam, regina ^d Pecunia donat;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Mancipiis locuplēs, eget aeris ^e Cappadocum rex.

Ne fueris hic tu. ^f chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebare rogatus,

Quī possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot

habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque

Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.

^g Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *superfunt*,

Et

NOTES.

VER. 81. *dubb'd a Man of Worth,*] Alluding to the City Knighthoods, where wealth and worship go together.

VER. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play.*] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstances that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where

Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold;
^a Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage: just so many score
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^d Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
 (Believe me, many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
 His Wealth brave ^f Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
^g Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves;

NOTES.

where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. Which defect in these Notes, the periodical Scribblers, however, have been stupid and shameless enough to object to them.

Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus. ^h ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omitas.

ⁱ Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

* *Mercemur* servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum

Qui fodicet latus, et ^l cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere : ^m Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :

Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,

Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde :

Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^o *facetus* adopta.

Si ^p bene qui coenat, bene vivit ; lucet, eamus

Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim

Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

NOTES.

VER. 91. *A noble superfluity, &c.*] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

“ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

“ Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.”

Emtum

Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

^h If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

ⁱ But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;
Then ^k hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 100
To do the Honours, and to give the Word ;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom ^l to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand : to make remarks,
Who ^m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks ;
“ This may be troublesome, is near the Chair :
“ That makes three Members, this can chuse a
May'r.”

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him ⁿ Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and ^o laugh at your own Jest. }

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 111
If ^p to live well means nothing but to eat :
Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey ;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite— 115
So ^q Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog ! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or

NOTES.

VER. 118. *And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.*] The
Poet has here, with admirable sense, and with a sublime
K 3 of

Emtum mulus aprum. ⁊ crudi, timidique lavemur,
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
 Digni; * *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyffei;
 Cui *potior* ⁊ *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

ⁱ Si, Mimnermus uti cenfet, sine *amore jocisque*
 Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

Vive

NOTES.

of satire never to be equalled, exposed what he elsewhere calls,

THE IMPUDENCE OF WEALTH;
 which, in its rage to engross *all* the blessings of life, without studying to deserve *any* of them, not only *dares* suffer an honest man to continue poor, but is so horribly mean and abject as to envy him the advantages arising from his very Poverty: A degree of corruption not so rare as detestable; though it has its root in our common nature, if the Poet has not done it injustice in the description he gives of its *pride* and *meanness*:

“What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 “And little less than Angel, would be more;
 “Now looking downwards, just as griev’d appears
 “To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.”

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

Ibid. 129. And SWIFT cry, wisely, “*Vive la Bagatelle!*”
 Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,

“In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 “Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends.”

and,

Or shall we ' ev'ry Decency confound,
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round.
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do
 * K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circean Feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125
 Renounce our ' Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with " Wilmot own,
 The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;
 And SWIFT cry wisely, " Vive la Bagatelle ;"
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 Adieu—

NOTES.

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

" Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be sore,
 " So much the better, you may laugh the more."

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal amiss, which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. *Swift*, as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his o'd age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction ; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend Virtue, and set off Truth ; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of *wit*, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned : and in which Dr. *Swift* seems

“Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. “I
“chuse” (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Pope) “my Com-
“panions amongst those of the least consequence, and
“most compliance : I read the most trifling Books I can
“find : and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling
“subjects.”

Adieu—if this Advice appear the worst, 131
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

subjects." And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than
ever. I am always writing bad Prose or worse Verses,
either of RAGE OR RAILLERY," &c. And again, in a
Letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, *Vive la Bagatelle*."

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THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE SECOND BOOK OF
H O R A C E.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgment
 past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so rea-
 sonable to the present Times, that I could not help
 applying them to the use of my own Country. The
 Author thought them considerable enough to address
 them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the
 great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom
 the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *Absolute*
Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I
 was willing to add one or two of those which contri-
 bute to the Happiness of a *Free people*, and are more
 consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have
 fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus* was a
Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only pro-
 hibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but
 recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate:
Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsole-
fieri, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a
general discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an *Apo-*
logy for the Poets, in order to render *Augustus* more
 their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his
 Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*,
 whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the
 preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and No-
 bility,

ADVERTISEMENT.

lity, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, where owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself, must depend, for his Fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

P.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes ; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt ;
^e Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit ^f invidiam supremo sine domari,

Urit

NOTES.

Book ii. Epist. 1.] The Poet always rises with his original ; and very often, without it. This whole Imitation is supremely noble and sublime.

VER. 7. Edward and Henry, &c.] Romulus, et Liber Pater, &c. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he confounded, not for the victories he had won, and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated,

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHile you great Patron of Mankind! ^a sustain
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
 — ^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
^e Clos'd their long Glories, with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
^f Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

The

NOTES.

solated, but to those who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, our Poet should not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*.

VER. 13. *Clos'd their long glories with a sigh.*] The expression is extremely beautiful; and the *ploravere* judiciously placed.

VER. 16, *Finds envy never conquer'd, &c.*] It hath been the

¶ Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

¶ Praesenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,

† Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

* *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,

Caetera

NOTES.

- the common practice of those amongst us, who have distinguished themselves in the learned world, to ascribe the ill treatment they have met with, from those they endeavoured to oblige, to so bad a cause as *envy*. But surely without reason ; for we find our Countrymen of the same candid disposition with the Athenians, as Socrates describes them in the *Euthyphro* of Plato, *They are well content* (says he) *to allow the Pretensions of reputed eminence ; it is only when a man will write and presume to give a proof of it, that they grow angry.* We, too, are as ready to allow the reputation of eminence, to those whose modesty has made them decline giving us a specimen of their parts. A temper surely very distant from Envy. We should not then ascribe that violent ferment into which good men are apt to work themselves, while they struggle to suppress the reputation of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are so willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager concern for the public welfare. Which nothing better secures than the

The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 & Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away !

20

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, ^h but mature the praise :
 Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a Name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame * ;
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
ⁱ As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
 Wonder of Kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes
^k None ere has risen, and none ere shall rise. 30

Just

NOTES.

the speedy suppressing of popularity ; so dangerous to the community, when joined to great Talents. SCRIBL.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This instance has not the same grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux ; though awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line ; which yet does not equal the force of his Original.

VER. 21. *Oppress'd we feel, &c.*] “ Les hommes, nez
 “ INGRATS et JEALOUX” (says an ingenious French
 Writer, with becoming indignation) “ ne pardonnent pas
 “ ceux qui prétend à leur admiration : de la mériter ils
 “ en font un crime, qu'ils punissent par des *calomnies*, des
 “ *critiques ameres*, et des *mépris affectez*. La Postérité le
 “ vengera de ses oppresseurs, en le comblant de louanges,
 “ tandis que ses imbécilles detracteurs, ces hommes *vils*,
 VOL. IV. L “ qui

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Aestimat; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

¹ Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
^m Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ⁿ Graicrum sunt antiquissima quaeque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur;
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
^o *Pfallimus*, et ^p *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.
 Si ^q meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

NOTES

“ qui pour être oubliez, n’ont pas besoin de cesser d’être,
 “ resteront pour jamais plongez dans l’oubli.”

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P.

Scire

Just in one instance, be it yet confess
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.

¹ Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green; 40
And each true Britain is to Ben so civil,
^m He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly ⁿ Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our fires?
In ev'ry Public virtue we excell; 45
We build, we paint, ^o we sing, we dance as well,
And ^p learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If ^a Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50

NOTES.

VER. 40. *Christ's kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

VER. 42. *the Muses met him*] This instance of the People's ill taste was both well chosen, and happily expressed. Johnson's talents were learning, judgment, and industry, rather than wit, or natural genius.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atque probus, ^r centum qui perficit annos.

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? ^s veteresne poetas,

An quos et praesans et postera respuat aetas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ^t honeste,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudaeque pilos ut ^u equinae
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;

Dum cadat elusus ratione ^w ruentis acervi,

Qui redit in ^x fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ^y Libitina sacrauit,

^z Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus.

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Bestow a Garland only on a Bier.*] The thought is beautiful, and alludes to the old practice of our Ancestors, of covering the *Bier* (on which the dead were carried to their interment) with Garlands. A manly and pious custom, which arose from the antient practice of rewarding Victors; and from thence was brought into the Church, and applied to those who had fought the good fight of the *Apostle*.

Ut

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British Bards begin t' immortalize?

“ Who lasts a ^r century can have no flaw, 45
 “ I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ^b Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all Eternity at once,
 At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 “ By ^t courtesy of England, he may do.”

Then, by the rule that made the ^u Horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
 And estimating Authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.

^z Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
 Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70
 For

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear.*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one, in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. P. *Dryden* does, indeed, call them so, but very undeservedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo ^a *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagoræ*,

Nævius in manibus non est; at ^c mentibus hæret

Pene recens: ^d adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema,

Ambigitur ^e quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

Dicitur

NOTES.

few principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

VER. 69, &c. *Shakespear*—*For gain, not glory, &c.* SHAKESPEAR knew perfectly well what belonged to a true composition, as appears from *the Tempest*, and *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. But he generally complied with the ignorance, and the ill taste of his Audience. However, in his most irregular plays, his wit and his sublimity make amends for his transgression of the rules of art; and support him in that transgression. But, happily for the improvement of the Drama, he had a Competitor in JOHNSON, who, with a greater temptation to comply with the bad taste of the age, had not the same force of genius to support him in it. Johnson therefore borrowed all he could from art; and, like an experienced General, when he could not depend on his natural strength, kept still behind his lines. The consequence was, that Shakespear having once tried to reform the taste [See the first scene of the Players in *Hamlet*] and on failing, had complied with it, became the favourite Poet of the people: while Johnson, who, for the reason given above, could not be so complaisant, was all his life long in a state of war with them. This, and not (as is commonly supposed) the ignorance of the one, and the superior knowledge of the other, was the

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
^a The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads ^b Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit:
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
 But still ^c I love the Language of his Heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men !
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
 “ In all ^e debates where Critics bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

NOTES.

the true cause of that difference which we find between these two Capital Writers, in the art and construction of their pieces. So that here, we see, a want of sufficient natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the English stage.

Ibid. and ev'ry Playhouse bill] A ridicule on those who talk of *Shakespeare*, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice to their taste or conscience, would own they liked *Dursey* better.

VER. 74. *The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

“ Quo promissa cadunt, et somnia Pythagorea.”

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers of Pindar.

P.

VER. 81. *In all debates, &c.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte :
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; ^f habet hos numeratque
 poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.

^s Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.
 Si ^h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :
 Si quaedam nimis ⁱ antique, si pleraque ^k dure

NOTES.

VER. 82. *Not one but nods and talks of Johnson's Art, Of Shakespear's Nature*] The Author of *Elements of Criticism*, speaking of a very dull passage in Shakespear's 2d part of Hen. IV. taken from the Chronicle, says, "Shakespear whom no *particle* of human nature hath escaped"—Vol. 1. 239. He had talked sense had he said, *no particle of Hollingshed*.

VER. 85. *Wycherley*] The chief support of this Writer's reputation, is his famous comedy of the *Plain Dealer* ; which is taken from Moliere's *Misanthrope*. But it has so happened that while Moliere's *Misanthrope* is but a *Plain Dealer*, Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* is a downright *Misanthrope*. Whether this was owing to the different genius of the nations, or to the different judgments of the Poets, is left for the Critics to determine.

Ibid. Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow.] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism ; in some things right, in others, wrong ; as he tells us in his answer,

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat." P.
 Dicere

“ Of Shakespear’s Nature, and of Cowley’s Wit ;

“ How Beaumont’s Judgment check’d what Flet-

“ cher writ ;

“ How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow ; 85

“ But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.

“ Theſe, ^f only theſe, ſupport the croud’d ſtage,

“ From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber’s age.”

All this may be ; ^g the People’s Voice is odd,

It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To ^h Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,

And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,

Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule ;

Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95

They had, and greater Virtues, I’ll agree.

Spencer himſelf affects the ⁱ Obſolete,

And Sydney’s verſe halts ill on ^k Roman feet ;

Milton’s

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low Humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries. P.

Ibid. *To Gammer Gurton—And yet deny, &c.*] i. e. If they give the Bays to one play becauſe it is *old*, and deny it to another becauſe it is *new* ; why then, I ſay, the Public acts a very fooliſh part.

VER. 97. *Spencer himſelf affects the Obſolete,*] This is certainly true ; he extended, beyond all reaſon, that precept of Horace ;

“ *Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque*

“ *Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,*” etc.

VER. 98. *And Sydney’s verſe halts ill on Roman feet :*] Sir Philip

Dicere cedit eos, *ignave multa fatetur*;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo,

^m Non equidem infector, *delendaque carmina* Livi

NOTES.

Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. *Bais*, a French Poet, in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 102. *And God the Father turns a School-divine.* Ben Johnson ridicules the humour of his age, when the audience chose to take their knowledge of English History from Shakespear's Plays. The present fashion for Milton makes us as ready to learn our Religion from the *Paradise Lost*: though it be certain, he was as *poor and fanciful* a Divine, as Shakespear was a *licentious* Historian. This appears from many places of that admirable Poem. Here, he degrades the *Father* by making him follow the *school-systems*; and in his *Paradise Regain'd*, he dishonours the *Son*, by making him the Author of the MAHOMETAN Oeconomy of grace.

" Victorious deeds

- " Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
- " To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
- " Then to subdue and quell o'er all the Earth
- " Brute violence, and proud tyrannic pow'r,
- " Till truth was freed and equity restor'd:
- " Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, FIRST
- " By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
- " And make persuasion do the work of fear;
- " At least to try, and teach the erring soul
- " Not willingly misdoing, but unaware
- " Missed; the stubborn only to destroy."

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ¹ prose he sweeps the ground,
 Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like ^a flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,

Or

NOTES.

VER. 104. *Bentley.*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest Wits, [P. S.] and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest Scholars of his time, [C. H.] will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Master both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whose Writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched

Esse reor, memini quae " *plagofum* " *mibi parvo*

Orbilium dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

Inter

NOTES.

quenched it in his critical standish. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Master of all the mysteries of the ancient *Rhythmus*.

The most important of his Works, as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris*: and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the discourse concerning Free-thinking*. Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was born down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as ext-avagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

" A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits: "

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment. Of which a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of *Phalaris*; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers) he bad him not be discouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long against a Work of so much learning. To which the other replied,

Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he ² read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110

One

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plied, "Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter.
"For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever writ-
"ten out of reputation, but by himself."

Ibid. *his desp'rate book*] Alluding to the several passages
of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including
them within hooks; some with judgment, and some with-
out any.

VER. 108. *The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;*]
The Poet has here very happily exemplified this envied
quality of *easy writing*, in the turn of the verses which ex-
pose it. These wits formed themselves, for the most part,
on SUCKLING, a fine original genius. But on so slippery
a ground it was no wonder, such Imitators should fall; and
either sink his free and easy manner into insipidity; or a-
buse it to ribaldry and licentiousness: They did both; till
easy writing came to be defined a negligence of *what* they
said, and *how* they said it. This was called writing like
a *Gentleman*. But as fashions take their turn, Lord Shaft-
esbury has introduced a new sort of *Gentleman-like writing*;
which consists indeed, like the other, in a negligence of
what is said, but joined to much *affectation* in the manner
of saying it.

VER. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the small
Wits. He is now known to most advantage as the Friend
of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well
rounding of a period; For, as Seneca said of Triarius,
"Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholaf-*
tics delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of
his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and
Testament,

Inter quae *verbum emicuit si forte decorum,*

Si *versus paulo concinnior* unus et alter ;

Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

• Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse

Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et proemia posci

• Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attas*

Fabula, si dubitem ; clament periisse pudorem

Cuncti pene *patres* : ea cum reprehendere coner,

Quae *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.

NOTES.

Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Westminster, but at a little country-school by the Church-yard side, should at last come to be a Bishop.—But the honour of being a Westminster School-boy some have at one age, and some at another ; and some all their life long. Our grateful Bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age.

VER. 113. *gleams thro' many a page.*] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which streams along the sky, and is just sufficient to show the deformity of those black vapours, to which it serves (as Milton expresses it) for a silver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved—*Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*. And the compliment to the Dramatic Poet exquisitely fine, as supposing that the Power of such a genius could transfer the properties of ELYSIUM, (*where flowers eternal blow*) to the banks of the AVON.

Vel

One Simile, that ^p solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or ^a lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many
 a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;

While if our Elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,

If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,

Which ^t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or

NOTES.

VER. 121. *One Tragic sentence if I dare deride.*] When Writers of our Author's rank have once effectually exposed *turgid expression*, and reduced it to its just value, which, hitherto, the small Critics had mistaken for the *sublime*, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand, to be bombast: like the Idiot, in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Grey-hound, imagining every dog he met to be a Cur-dog. So our learned Laureat will needs imitate his betters; and *dare to deride* too, with the best. "In what raptures (says he) have I seen an audience, at the furious fustian, and turgid rants of Nat. Lee's *Alexander the Great*. Let me give you a sample. Alexander, in a full croud of courtiers, says,

"When Glory, like the dazzling *Eagle*, stood

"Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granic flood;

"When *Fortune's* self my standard trembling bore,

"And the pale *Fates* stood frighted on the shore;

"When the *Immortals on the billows* rode,

"And I myself appeared the leading God."

"If

Vel quia nil " rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus; et quae

Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam

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" If this passage has merit, let us see what figure it would
 " make upon canvas; what sort of picture would arise
 " from it. If Le Brun had seen this lofty description,
 " what one image could he have possibly taken from it?
 " In what colours could he have shewn us *Glory perched*
 " *upon a beaver?* How could he have drawn Fortune
 " trembling? Or indeed what use could he have made
 " of pale Fates, or Immortals riding upon billows, with this
 " blustering God of his own making at the head of
 " them?" *Apol. for his Life*, p. 88. Ed. Oct.—If the *Au-*
dience were in raptures, I admire their good Taste: for,
 I think, these six lines are as truly sublime as any thing
 we have in the English language. But the Critic is for
 having the images they convey transferred upon canvas.
 And, it must be owned, this is no ill test of distinguishing
sound from sense. He is indeed, a little mistaken in his
 painter, as the Connoisseurs will tell him. For this sub-
 ject demands the genius of a Rubens rather than of Le Brun.
 And, from such a one, he might have a very good pic-
 ture for his money. He seems not to have reflected, that
Fortune and the *Fates*, though imaginary, are yet personi-
 fied Beings. And *Glory*, here, is something more substan-
 tial; for by the line,

" When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood," etc.
 is meant, that Glory appeared, in the shape of an Eagle,
 on his crest.

The truth is, these six lines, unluckily for the Lau-
 reat's Criticism, contain not only the most *sublime*, but the
 most *judicious*, imagery that Poetry could conceive or paint.

The

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think ' no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave Example yet remain,

Who

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The first line alludes to the tradition of an eagle's hovering over Alexander's head, at the Battle of Arbela, as a presage of Victory; Lee, I suppose, might think himself at liberty to transfer it to the passage of the Granicus; and this he has made the ground of his fine imagination, of *Glory* in the shape of an *Eagle*; in the style of Homer, who represents Terror, Affright, and a number of such fantastic Beings, swarming on the crests of his heroes.

The representing *Fortune*, in the third line, as his standard-bearer, is very happy. It is not only in the true spirit of poetry, but it gives us a just Idea of the nature of his Asiatic expedition; and the making her *tremble*, as she displayed it, in the passage of the Granicus, a right notion of the exceeding rashness of that adventure.

The fourth line greatly heightens all these images, by making the *Fates* themselves (who had destined the Persian empire to destruction, and called Alexander out of Greece to execute their decrees) as half afraid that this desperate Madman would frustrate their purpose.

But the sublime of the *two last* verses exceeds all the rest. They are a beautiful allusion to the battle of Scamander in Homer, where Achilles led on the Gods themselves to the destruction of Troy, through the billows of that river, which opposed their passage. And the exquisite judgment of the Poet in this allusion is understood by those who have heard, that Achilles was Alexander's model of Heroism; and Homer his favourite Historian. Lastly, as to the propriety of Alexander's thus extolling his own actions,

Jam ⁱⁿ *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnât, nos nostraque lividus odit.

* Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,

Quod nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

NOTES.

actions, the Poet is justified by Q. Curtius, from whom we learn that it was his custom.

From what has been said, we may collect, how dangerous it is for a Writer to give his opinion out of his own Profession, how well soever he may succeed within it. For this justice is due to the Laureat, that that part of his book, where he has drawn the characters of the set of Players on whom he formed himself, or whom he emulated, and that, with a performance equal to the best of theirs, is indeed (bating the singularity of his phrase) a Master-piece in its kind. So necessary was that ancient direction.

“Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exerceat.”

VER. 122. Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or well-mouth'd Booth]—The epithet *gravis*, which applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave*: nothing being more destructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, * or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not ; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

* Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now ?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead ?

In

NOTES.

that *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chase*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music, and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he no less esteemed (as *Cicero* did *Roscus*) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished Actor *: the present ornament of the English Theatre.

* Mr. Garrick.

VER. 124. *A muster-roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as ver. 133—4. excel it.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all Wri-

7 Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis
 Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;
 Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit æquorum

Marmoris

NOTES.

ters, but the ancient, unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a satire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd:*] He says properly, *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship i' excell,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.—How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprize) from the famous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of *Castandra*. Neither Philosophy, Public Business, nor the Bigotry of Religion could keep him (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement fit only for girls and boys.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of fictitious history is not below our notice. The close connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our observation upon human affairs, in preference to other attentions; and eagerly to wait the progress and issue of them. But as the course of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity; observant men very early contrived to satisfy its impatience, by the invention of *history*. Which, by recording the principal circum-

In Days of Ease, when now the we:ry Sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then Peers grew proud in * Horseman'ship t' excell,
 New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

Then

NOTES.

circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here, Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too simple and insipid, to a taste stimulated by the luxury of art: They wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see, that too eager a pursuit after adventures had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and his ways, into the fairy walks of Monsters and Chimera's. And now those who had run furthest after these delusions, were the first that recovered themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of *Spanish* invention. These presented us with something of humanity; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before was conducted by Necromancy, so all now was managed by intrigue. And though it had indeed a kind of life, it had

^a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
 Suspendit ^b picta vultum mentemque tabella;
 Nunc ^c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis:
^d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
 Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

Romae

NOTES.

yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, yet grew disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the *French*, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which some celebrated story of antiquity was so polluted by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lye nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle Passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*, and that was a corruption of *Heart*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely indebted) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from strict fact, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of real LIFE AND MANNERS.

Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 Lely on ^b animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :
 On ^c each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.

But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause. 160

Time

NOTES.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection. But the ridiculous rage of appetite in the Public for these amusements, and the monstrous things that now serve for their entertainment, put us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells us of Cæsar : who observing certain Barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppy dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole.*—*The sleepy Eye, &c.*] This was the characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression ; who was an excessive Manierist.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;*] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed

* Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
 Scriptos ² nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
 * *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, ³ et calet uno
 Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vineti coenant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ¹ Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

Navem

NOTES.

passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

VER. 160. *Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause,*] i. e.
 The love of Liberty—Mr. Voltaire, while in England,
 writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at first to
 " print our poor *Henry* at my own expences in London;
 " but the loss of my money is a sad stop to my design. I
 " question if I shall try the way of Subscriptions by the
 " favour of the Court. I am weary of Courts. All that is
 " King or belongs to a King, frights my republican Philo-
 " sophy. I wont drink the least draught of Slavery in the
 " Land of Liberty. I have written freely to—and I will
 " always do so, having no reason to lay myself under any
 " restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your Country*: all
 " that I wish for, is to see you one day here. I am en-
 " tertaining myself with this pleasant hope. If it is but
 " a dream, let me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me
 " believe

• Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To ' worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
 And place, on good & Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one ^h Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich : 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁱ lye, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
 When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

NOTES.

" believe I shall have the pleasure to see you in London,
 " drawing up the strong spirit of this unaccountable Na-
 " tion. You will translate their thoughts better when you
 " live amongst them. You will see a Nation fond of their
 " Liberty, learned, witty, despising Life and Death, a
 " nation of Philosophers. Not but that there are some
 " fools in England. Every Country has its madmen. It
 " may be, French folly is pleasanter than English mad-
 " ness, but by — English Wisdom and English Honesty
 " is above yours." MS. Eng. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

He

* Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum aegro

Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,

Promittunt ¹ medici: tractant *fabrilia* fabri:

= Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim,

= Hic error tamen et levis haec insania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ² *avarus*

Non temere est animus: ³ *versus* amat, hoc studet

unum;

Detrimenta, ⁴ *fugas* fervorum, *incendia* ridet;

NOTES.

VER. 180. *to show our Wit.*] The force of this consists in the ambiguity.—To shew how constant we are to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

VER. 181. *He serv'd, &c.*] To the simple elegance of the Original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vivacity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

P.

Ibid. Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;] It was the Poet's purpose to do Mr. Ward honour, in assigning to him that medical Aphorism of regular practice,

“ Periculum faciamus in corpore vili.”

SCRIB.

Non

* He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n ¹ Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But ^m those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁿ reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind: 191
And rarely ^o Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his ^p plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
¹ Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind. 196

NOTES.

VER. 183, 184.

*Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learnt to dance.]*

By no means an insinuation as if the travelling Doctors had mispent their time. *Radcliff* had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each Country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing. The native commodity of France is DANCING. *Mercurialis* gives the *Gymnastics*, of which dancing is part, a necessary place amongst the *non-naturals* (by which term the Physicians mean air, exercise, diet, &c. as if the *natural* way of living in health was by physic) and the dignity and eminence of this part of the *Gymnastics* is learnedly and elaborately explained in that curious *Dissertation on dancing*, in the 13th chap. of the 2d Vol. of the *Life of King David*,

SCRIBL.

To

Non *fraudem facio*, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo;

Militiae quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna *juvari*;

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;

NOTES.

VER. 201. *Of little use, &c.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the Original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony; *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obscenis—Mox etiam pectus—Relicta refert*, &c. which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

VER. 213, 214.

Unhappy Dryden!—*In all Charles's days,*
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;] The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderness* for his Master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general*; and his *honour* for him, in the first line, by making his *case particular*, as the only one that deserved pity.

Torquet

To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.

What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205

What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?

What's long or short, each accent where to place,

And speak in public with some sort of grace.

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,

Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210

Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,

To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.

Unhappy Dryden—In all Charles's days,

Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;

And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215

No whiter page than Addison remains.

He,

NOTES.

VER. 215. *excuse some Courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought, that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet,

Torquet * ab *obscenis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;

NOTES.

Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no Party views; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had said,

“ Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv’d,
 “ And shew you have the virtue to be mov’d.”

he was much troubled; said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion? and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to *Britons, attend*, —though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought

He, w from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 229
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."

And

NOTES.

thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purposely and
 directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction.
 His poem, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales,
 beginning in this manner,

- "The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir'd
- "Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd:
- "And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,
- "Ingag'd great CATO in her country's cause;
- "On you submissive waits."

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains.*] Mr.
 Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as cha-
 racters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the
 gross. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worse Critic.
 His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books
 superficial. But in the pleasantry of comic adventures,
 and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable.
 Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before
 in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right
 use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Me-
 nander.

VER. 217. *He, from the taste obscene, &c.*] This, in Imita-
 tion of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

"torquet ab obscœnis."
 and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spec-*
tators,

Recte facta refert; * orientia tempora notis

Infruit exemplis; † inopem solatur et *negrum*;

Castis cum ‡ pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret unde § *præces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?

Poscit opem chorus, et *præsentia* numina sentit?

Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;

Avertit morbos, ° *metuenda* pericula pellit;

Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.

¶ Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

° Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,

Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo

NOTES.

tators, and *Guardians*; the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But their excellence may be best gathered from their having procured so long credit to that vast heap of crude and indigested things with which they are intermixed.

VER. 226. *the idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, &c.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to ver. 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the Original, or, at least, the appearance of sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a Taste greatly superior to it.

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
 Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor, 226
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:
 The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains: 232
 How could Devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and
 Turk. 236

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that Grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
 And Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:

The

NOTES.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the Versifiers of the old singing Psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church History*, says he was esteem'd an *excellent Poet*.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, &c.*] This is almost literal; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much admired

Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi,
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 † Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter: ‡ donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi: † quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad † bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

‡ Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

Intulit.

NOTES.

mired in these Imitations, owe less to the Liberty of imitating, than to the superior genius of the Imitator.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flattery's side, &c.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to compleat the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for the Poet's argument, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the Protection of the Magistrate.

The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246

The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:

With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And ^f Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

But Times corrupt, and ^e Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;

Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life,

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm. 256

At length, by wholesome ^h dread of statutes bound
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:

Most warp'd to ⁱ Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260

Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

^k We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain

NOTES.

Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, &c.* The instance which the Author *here* gives, to answer that in the *Original*, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our political intrigues on the Continent brought

Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille

Defluxit ¹ *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus

Munditiae pepulere: sed in longum tamen aevum

Manferunt, hodieque manent, ^m *vestigia ruris*.

Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;

Et post ⁿ *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,

Quod ^o Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:

Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer;

Nam ^r spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:

Sed ^t turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur,

NOTES.

us acquainted with the *Provincial Poets*; and produced *Chaucer*. I only wonder, when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use it, to paraphrase the sense of

“ *Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus*

“ *Munditiae pepulere.*”

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth*;] Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the *Pompey* of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

VER. 269. *Energy divine*.] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what

Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and ¹ Numbers learn'd to flow,
 Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding-line, }
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
 Tho' still some traces of our ^m rustic vein, 270
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation ^a breath'd from civil war.
 Exact ^o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the ^p Tragic spirit was our own, 276
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ^a fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

NOTES.

what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occasioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his Master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. Cicero did the same grateful office to *Crassus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the same obligations. One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous *Dialogue de Oratore* is, “ ut laudem eorum jam
 “ prope senescentem quantum ego possem (says he) ab
 “ oblivione hominum, atque a silentio vindicarem—de-
 “ beri hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi. — ”

VER. 280. *Ev'n copious Dryden*—] *Copious* aggravated the fault. For when a Writer has great stores, he is inexcusable not to discharge the easy task of chusing from the best.

Creditur, ex *medio* quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comoedia* tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. • aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi:
 Quantus sit *Dossennius* *edacibus in parasitis*;
 Quam *non ascripto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.
 Gestit enim *nummum* in loculos demittere; post hoc
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam *ventoso gloria curru*,

Exanimat

NOTES.

VER. 282. *Some doubt, &c.*] In Tragedy it is the action, and in Comedy they are the manners, which most engage our attention. But it is easier to direct and conduct an action than to draw and colour manners. Besides, the general ignorance of Courts makes false manners in Tragedy escape unobserved; but unnatural action in Comedy lies hid from nobody. Hence it is, that the difficulty of succeeding lies on the side of the comic writer. To support these observations, let me ask from whence arises our disgust, when the scene in Comedy is laid abroad, and that of Tragedy at home. It appears, at first sight, whimsical and capricious, but has its foundation in nature. What we chiefly seek in Comedy is a true image of life and manners; but we are not easily brought to think we have it given us, when dressed in foreign modes and fashions. And yet a good writer must follow his scene, and observe decorum. On the contrary, it is the action in Tragedy which most engages our attention. But

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The † humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less †. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if † Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed ?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ :
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how † loosely does Astrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky † eat with vast applause !
 But fill their † purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you ! whom † Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With

NOTES.

to fit a domestic occurrence for the stage, we must take greater liberties with the action than a well known story will allow. Not but perhaps another reason might be given for our disapprobation of this inverted state of the scene. Comedy deals much in Satire; Tragedy in Pannegyric : and our natural malignity will more easily suffer us to find the *ridiculous* at home, than the *heroic*.

VER. 290. *Astrea*,] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c. P.

Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astrea tread*,] The fine metaphor, of *non astricte*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*.

VER. 296. *Oh you ! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*,]

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

Subruit, ac reficit : ^z valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

^a Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poe-

tam ;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,

Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut ^c *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum ^d *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aula* vo-

luptas

Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas ;

Pum fugiunt ^e *equitum*-turmae, peditumque catervae :

Mox

NOTES.

The Metaphor is fine ; but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

“ *ventoso gloria curru,*”

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to, and Attendant on, Fame or *Glory*,

“ *Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.*”

as was the custom in their Triumphs. In other respects

the

With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or born too high !
Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows,
Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

* There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit : 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud ;
Who, ^b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, ^c the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords ! 310
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now ^d of Lords ;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play stands still ; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ^e and horse ; 315

NOTES.

the imitation has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his fortune*. However,

“ Who pants for Glory,” &c.

is much superior to the Original.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes,*
From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from *Operas* to *Pantomimes*.

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
 † Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ² *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura :
 Scriptores autem ^h narrare putaret *afello*
Fabellam furdo. nam quae ⁱ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?
 * *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
 † *Divitiaeque peregrinae* : quibus ^m oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera laevae.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid ? nil fane. Quid placet ergo ?
 † Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno,

NOTES.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Gibber's breast.* }
 The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn,
 in which the Playhouses vied with each other to repre-
 sent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble conten-
 tion the Armour of one of the Kings of England was
 borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With ^s laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or ^s Elephant be e'er so white,
 The People, sure, the People are the sight!
 Ah luckless ^h Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on ^k Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ⁱ petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^m lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters,—hark! the Universal peal!
 “But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335
 “What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”
 “Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

NOTES.

Ibid. *Old Edward's Armour, &c.*] Descriptive Poetry is the lowest work of a Genius. Therefore when Mr. Pope employs himself in it, he never fails, as here, to ennoble it with some moral stroke or other.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

Yet

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta; ° meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis,
 * Verum age, et his, qui se *lector*i credere malunt,
 Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam impende brevem: si ° munus Apolline dig-
 num

Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

* Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,
 (Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
 * *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso*: cum laedimur, ° *unum*
 Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum*:

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, &c.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

VER. 354. *A Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
 'Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the Poetic state,
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet? 355

My Liege! why Writers little claim your
 thought,

I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:

We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)

Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The season, when to come, and when to go, 360

To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,

You lose your patience, just like other men.

Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend

A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365

Repeat

Cum loca jam ^a recitata revolvimus irrevocati :
 Cum ^w lamentamur non apparere labores
 Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
 Cum ^z speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
 Sed tamen est ^y operae pretium cognoscere, quales
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, ^z indigno non committenda poetæ.
^a Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se praeter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aëra

Fortis

NOTES.

VER. 380—1. [Charles, to late times, &c.] In the third
 volume of the *Catholic Church History of England*, printed
 at Brussels 1742, F. there is a curious anecdote concern-
 ing this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Me-
 moirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent. "Before Panzani
 " set out on his journey (to England) which was about
 " the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal
 " Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired
 " he would use his interest with the famous Sculptor Ca-
 " valier Bernini, that he would cut two Bustos; one of
 " the King, the other of herself: which were to be
 " brought

Repeat * unask'd ; lament, the * Wit's too fine.
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line,
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King ;
 And * from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet * think, great Sir ! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known ?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the * Laureat's weighty place.

* Charles to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;

NOTES.

" brought over by Panzani, alledging that her Husband
 " was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and
 " no present could be more acceptable to him. Bernini
 " was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refused
 " the like favour to Cardinal Richlieu, who desired his
 " own Busto from the same hand. But Barberini's repu-
 " tation and address prevailed upon him to grant the re-
 " quest. I mention this Busto upon account of the ex-
 " traordinary circumstances which attended it ; some
 " whereof are taken notice of by our Historians : But
 " what I shall further relate, is not commonly known.
 " It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the
 " original picture, according to which he was to form the
 " King's Busto, he observed such melancholic lines, that
 " they in a manner spoke some dismal fate that would
 " befall the person it represented. And this he signified
 " to those who were present." P. 38.

And

*Fortis b Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud*

Ad

NOTES.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*
This is not to be wondered at, since the *Sacerdotal* character has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch, which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. "You must take heed how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of tittle-tattle, that the KING'S judgment was of him, that he was some PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think) my Lord intreated him to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some question of that profession; and was so full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that, like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three questions; whereof when he came in company he must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but, if he were put from those, he would shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW.*

ok II.

Ad

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7:





O Sacred Weapon, left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!
To all but Heaven directed Hands denied
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Epic. to the Satire

And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit;
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.

FELLOW. There was present also Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he fell in also, about some of those questions which are now controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland; and being matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill concerning them. MY LORD OF BOWLING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto you so largely, that you may know the disposition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT. *Winthrop's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 459.

SCRIBL.

Seriously, my Lord of Ely's case was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a second Century of my *Lords of Ely*.—But it was enough that this simple fellow was an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his Master. For in the opinion of these great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not subsist without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER. However this discerning spirit, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave Historian Anthony Wood was so hospitably entertained there. Who in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells the following story. "I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with A. Bp. Sheldon. After dinner, when the Arch bishop had withdrawn and *secluded* his company, I was called "into

Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares ;

^c Bocotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ ;*]

Nec magis expressi ^d vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, ^e quam res componere *gestas*,
Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et ^g *barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis ^h *totum confecta duella per orbem*,
Claustaque custodem ⁱ *pacis* cohibentia Janum.
Et ^j *formidatam Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque
parvum

* *Carmen majestas recipit tua ; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.*

Sedulitas

NOTES.

“ the withdrawing-room, and Echard was left behind to
“ go drink and smoke with the Chaplains.” So well ad-
justed was this respect of persons ; Echard, the wittiest
man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chap-
lains ; and Anthony Wood, without all peradventure the
dullest, was called in to enjoy the conversation of his
Grace.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains.*
Archbishop Tillotson hath said, “ That satire and invective
were the easiest kind of wit, because almost any
degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit
“ (says

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles;
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a ^c Russian Bear."

Not with such ^d majesty, such bold relief, 390
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your ^c Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What ^f seas you travers'd, and what fields you
fought! 396

Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How ^s barb'rous rage subfided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while thy dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
^h Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in
sleep; 401

'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And ⁱ Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But ^k Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405
The

NOTES.

"(says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut
"and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and
"polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise
"any thing well, is an argument of much more wit than
"to abuse; a little wit, and a great deal of ill nature,
O 2 " will

Sedulitas autem ¹ *stultè*, quem diligit, urget;
 Præcipue cum se *numerus* commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ² *deridet*, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ³ officium, quod me gravat: ac neque
fictio
 In ⁴ *pejus* vultu proponi cæreus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne ⁵ *rubeam* *pingui* donatus munere, et una
 Cum ⁶ *scriptore* meo capla porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

" will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance
 " of wit is to commend well." Thus far this candid
 Prelate. And I, in my turn, might as well say, that Sa-
 tire was the most difficult, and Panegyric the most easy
 of all performances; for that any barber-surgeon can
 curl and shave, and give cosmetic washes for the skin;
 but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and
 lay open the interior of the human frame. But the truth
 is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy,
 or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy

The Zeal of ¹ Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say ^a I bite.
 A vile ^a Encomium doubly ridicules : 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ^o woful likeness ; and if lyes,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise :"
 Well may he ^p blush, who gives it, or receives ;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like ^a Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
 Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

NOTES.

to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well*, as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the Satire on Lord Whar-ton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is *more readily received* : but this does not shew that it is more *easily writ-ten*,

OF HORACE
107

The poet's life is a subject of much interest to the reader. He was born in the year 65 B.C. at Venusia, in the south of Italy. His father was a wealthy landowner, and he himself received a liberal education. He was a member of the Roman Senate, and held several important offices. His poetry is characterized by its simplicity and elegance, and it has been the source of much admiration and imitation. He died in the year 8 B.C. at the age of 57.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the poet's life was a life of ease and luxury. In fact, he was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was constantly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge and the improvement of his country. He was a man of great courage and integrity, and he was always ready to stand up for the rights of the oppressed. His life was a life of great achievement and honor, and it is a life that we can all learn from.

**THE SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE SECOND BOOK OF
HORACE.**

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Nerani,

^b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
 Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat : “ Hic et
 “ Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
 “ Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo
 “ Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles ;
 “ Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
 “ Cuilibet : argilla quidvis imitaberis uda :
 “ Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 “ Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo
 “ Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 “ Res urget me nulla : meo sum pauper in aere.
 “ Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere
 “ a me

NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :*] A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

“ Quivis

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

"Observe his shape how clean! his locks how
"curl'd!

"My only son, I'd have him see the world:

"His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall
"hear.

"Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

"Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please;

"A perfect genius at an Op'ra-song—

"To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;

"His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;

"But, Sir, to you with what would I not part? 15

"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's
"heart.

"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

"The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20

NOTES.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?*
The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting
with what one can but ill spare,

If,

“ Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

“ In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae :

“ Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit.”

• Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

• Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea saevius

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod

Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

• Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assensum

Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo, et sibi et
hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this story are well told ; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original.

Summe

c If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way. 26

d Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! 31
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

e In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit. 36
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *This put the Man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

"Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

"Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer."

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

"Pro-

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
 "Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward be-
 side.*] For the sake of a stroke of Satire, he has here
 weakened that circumstance, on which, the turn of the
 story depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious
 character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge
 his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*
 This has neither the force nor the justness of the Original.
 Horace makes his Soldier say,

"——— Ibit,

"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonum perdidit."

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him
 upon danger; many being sufficient to poverty, who
 cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by
 losses. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of
 expression was, it's suiting better with the *application*. But,
 in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And such should
 not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when
 the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*:
 for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

Adjecere

"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and its no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?" 50
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
 Bred up at home, full early I begun,
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

Besides,

NOTES.

VER. 52. *Bred up at home, &c.*] The Reader may possibly have a curiosity to know something more of Mr. Pope's education than what this verse tells him; and though much more would be too trifling to enter into a just volume of his life, it may do no dishonour to one of these cursory notes. He was taught his letters very early by an Aunt; and from thence, to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himself, by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight, he was put under one *Taverner*, a Priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: From him, in a little time, he was sent to a private school at *Twisford* near *Winchester*. Here, he continued about a year; and was then removed to another, near *Hyde-park Corner*. Under these two last Masters, he lost the little he had got under the Priest. At twelve, he went with his Father into the *Forest*; where he was, for a few months, under another Priest; and with as little success as before. For, as he used to say,

Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenæ :

Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*;

Atque inter silvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;

Civilisque

NOTES.

say, he never could learn any thing which he did not pursue with pleasure. And these miserable pedants had not the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this small stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own master. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject; with a strong appetite for Knowledge, and an equal passion for Poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar and Lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages; when a strong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His Family (whose only object was the preservation of his miserably infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project. But he persisted in it, and they gave way: to town he came, and mastered those two languages with surprizing dispatch. The whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him: and between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was reading the most considerable Poets and Critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. But, all this, without much order; as chance threw them in his way, or the caprice of

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad : 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;
 And certain Laws, by suff'ers thought unjust,
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust : 61

NOTES.

of desultory reading directed his choice. This being the continued indulgence of his curiosity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not allow him to continue long easy under so defective an education. For a vast memory and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniences, made him but the more sensible of them all. So that, at twenty, when the impetuosity of his spirits began to permit his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education a-new, from the very beginning ; and in a regular, and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech ; he learnt to distinguish the several species of style, he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language ; he reduced his natural talent for Poetry to a science ; and mastered those parts of Philosophy which would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this, with such continued attention, labour, and severity, that he used to say, he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-seven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*]
 This circumstance has a happier application in the imitation than in the original ; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,

Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere *Philippi*,

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*

Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,

Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicuta*,

Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus!

• Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;

NOTES.

VER. 65. *He sunk to poverty with peace of mind.*
There was something very singular in the Economy of Mr. POPE's Father. He was a Merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds; with which he retired into the country. As he was a Papist, he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security; and as he adhered to the interests of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new Government: so he kept it in his chest; and lived upon the Principal; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

Eripuere

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.
 3 Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;

NOTES.

VER. 68. *But (thanks to Homer) &c.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the Bookseller, on the following terms, twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the Books for his Subscribers. The *Odyssey* was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions; except only that instead of Twelve he had six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by *Broome* and *Fenton*; to the first of whom he gave six hundred pounds; and to the other, three hundred.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince, or Peer alive.*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the Subscribers, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

Eripuere jocos, venarem, convivia, ludum;

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

^a Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amanti;

Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;

Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

ⁱ Praeter caetera me *Romanae* poemata censes

Scribere posset, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic

NOTES.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: The other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicey taste, and equally high flavour'd. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense*; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons. —This

In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75
 This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But after all, what would you have me do ? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two ;
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends ?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A Poet begs me I will hear him read ;

In

NOTES.

—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as intimating that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

VER. 90. *or self, or soul*] *Self* is here used for *body* (in the language of men of the world, who, at best, regard their *souls* but as a kind of *second self*) and means the care of the health.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs me, I will hear him read :*] Our
 P 2 Author

Hic extremo in Aventino ; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.”

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor :

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machinatignum:

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plauftris :

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit fus.

* I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus*, et *fugit urbes*,

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?

Ingenium,

NOTES.

Author intended a joke under the ambiguity of this common phrase, of *bearing him read*.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, &c.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the Imitation, in this place, far above the Original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and dose, &c.*] This has not the delicacy, for it wants the elegant ambiguity, of

“ Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

where the Intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *secret*

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—

“ Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
“ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite so well however as one ought; 100

A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?

* Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas; to Grotto's and to Grove's we run, 110

To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

NOTES.

secret meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle*; and *sleep* was courted for *inspiration*, as well as to relieve a *debauch*.

Ibid. Tooting—Earl's-Court.] Two villages within a few miles of London.

¹ Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit *Athenas*,
 Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque
 Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
 Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?
^m Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
 Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.

NOTES.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;]* The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill described.

VER. 132. *And shook his head at MURRAY as a Wit.]* It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, Mr. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French Lawyer*, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he says, “ Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus austères Magistrats, consommes comme lui dans l’etude
 “ des

The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116
 To books and study gives sev'n years compleat.
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
 He walks an object new beneath the sun;
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs, for fools to get by heart!
 The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
 And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

NOTES.

" des Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans
 " les travaux de la littérature. Que ceux que méprisent
 " ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui méprisent je ne sçai
 " quelle misérable grandeur à se renfermer dans le cercle
 " étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ignorent ils
 " que CICERON, après avoir rempli la première place
 " du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens,
 " écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conféroit avec des
 " Philosophes; qu'il alloit au Théâtre; qu'il daignoit
 " cultiver l'amitié d'Esope et de Roscius, et laissoit aux
 " petits esprits, leur constante gravité, qui n'est que la
 " mesquise de la médiocrité?"

Qui minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas?

^a *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile visu,

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?

Quia, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,

Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

Obturem patulas *impune* legentibus aures.

^q Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Merlin's Cave*.] In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem as if the collection of poetry, in that place, was not to our Author's taste.

Si

“ ’Twas, Sir, your law ”—and “ Sir, your eloquence,”
 “ Yours, Cowper’s manner—and yours, Talbot’s
 “ sense.”

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135

Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he’ll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match’d one Ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut thro’ Merlin’s Cave, to see
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.

“ My dear Tibullus!” if that will not do,

“ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

“ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145

“ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite

To court applause by printing what I write: 150

But let the Fit pass o’er, I’m wise enough

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,

They treat themselves with most profound respect;

NOTES.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.

’Tis

Si taceas, laudent; quidquid scripsere, beati.

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:

Audebit, quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,

Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur;

Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,

Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferet

NOTES.

VER. 159. *not a word they spare, — That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,]* Force and light respect figurative expression; and signify, that it be such as awakes the imagination; and be taken from obvious subjects: for without the first quality, it will want force; without the other, light.

Weight and care respect literal expressions; the first marks out the character of the verb; the other of the noun; and signify, that, in ev'ry proposition, the attribute should be important; and the subject precise.

VER. 164. *In downright charity revive the dead;]* This is very happily expressed, and means, that it is the Poet's office to relieve the poverty of the present language with the useless stores of the past; not out of charity to the dead, but to the living. "The riches of a language" (says a very fine Writer and most judicious Critic) "are actually increased by retaining its old words; and besides, they have often a greater real weight and dignity than those of a more fashionable cast, which succeed to them. This needs no proof to such as are versed in the earlier writings

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long,
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;

NOTES:

"writings of any language."—And again,—“From these
 “testimonies we learn, the extreme value which these
 “great masters of composition set upon their old Writers;
 “and as the reason of the thing justifies their opinions,
 “we may farther see the important use of some late at-
 “tempts to restore a better knowledge of our own
 “Which I observe with pleasure, as the growing preva-
 “lency of a different humour, first caught, as it should
 “seem, from our commerce with the French models,
 “and countenanced by the too scrupulous delicacy of
 “some good Writers amongst ourselves, had gone far
 “towards unnerving the noblest modern language, and
 “effeminating the public taste. This was not a little for-
 “warded by what generally makes its appearance at the
 “same time, a kind of feminine curiosity in the choice of
 “words; cautiously avoiding and reprobating all such
 “(which were not seldom the most expressive) as had
 “been prophaned by a too vulgar use, or had suffered
 “the touch of some accidental taint. This runs us into
 “periphrasis and general expression; the peculiar bane of
 “every polished language.” *Mr. HURD's English Com-*
mentary and Notes on the Art Poetica of Horace, p. 43. 44.

Mark

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas :
 Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus :
 Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera fano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :

Ludentis

NOTES.

VER. 167. *Command old words that long have slept to wake,*] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres,

“Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.”

Horace has not the same force,

“Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.”

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expression*, if not on the *thought* of his original.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him greatly; and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excel the rest of his countrymen; and that was *correctness*; in which the English poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had several great Geniuses, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriances*. This therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake ;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ; }
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line : 175
 Then

NOTES.

thy to be improved, should be his principal study. Our young Author, followed his advice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises : and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he speaks of, in the following lines,

“ Then polish all with so much *life* and *ease*,

“ You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please.”

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction ; and it has been observed oftner to produce a heavy stiffness ; which, by another image, the Ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, most an end, this will be the consequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is discharged as a task. But when it becomes by habit an exercise of amusement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies, will preserve the *life* ; and the fancy lightening the judgment will produce *the ease here spoken of*.

VER. 175. *But show no mercy to an empty line ;*] To such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to sacrifice to envy,
 in

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquetur, ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur,

Præ-

NOTES:

in that devoted and execrable line, in one of the best translated books of the *Odyssey*,

“ Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,

“ *And stuck adherent, and suspended bung.*”

The tribe of small Wits and Critics could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse; to which they have ever since, *stuck adherent, and suspended bung*. Shakespear afforded the Dunces of *his* time the same consolation, if we may believe Ben Johnson, by his—*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause*. But there is a sort of still lower Creatures, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave orders to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.* were printed thus contractedly. But the Printers of the late edition lengthened them into *December* and *November*; and, in this condition they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man such a Dunce to make his criticism with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he such a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

VER. 176. *Then polish all, &c.*] M. Voltaire speaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, says—“ L'art d'être éloquent
“ en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus
“ rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui sçauront arranger
“ un ouvrage, et le versifier d'une manière commune;
“ mais le traiter en vrai Poëte, c'est un talent qui est
“ donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la terre.”

VER. 177. *You think 'tis Nature, and a knash to please:]*

The

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
 "But ease in writing flows from Art not chance;
 "As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

If

NOTES.

The reason is because we are wont to give to nature every thing that is plain, easy, and simple; without reflecting, that that artificial ordonnance of words and expression, from whence this ease arises, is the effect of much study and application. It is true, that study is commonly observed to destroy this very ease, which, we say, arises from it. It may, and will do so in a common writer; but never, in a Genius. The precisely true expression is but *one*; while the meaning required, may be tolerably conveyed in a *hundred*. But in such a croud, the search demands labour; and when you have hit upon the true, unless you have *taste* as well as judgment, you will never know, for certain, that it is the very thing you seek; so you go on till you be tired; and then the first that offers itself is received. Whereas a genius seizes it as soon as found; and never suffers the change to be put upon him, by its counterfeite.

VER. 178. *But ease in writing, &c.* That species of Writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

"The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with ease*,"

understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain Wit says) were *easily written*; whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; so the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintillian describes.

Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque *theatro*:
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,
Comis in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso *non insanire* lagenae:
Posset, qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectionis,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et

NOTES.

scribes very justly, and accounts as well as for its success,
 —“ Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniatur, qui
 “ semper quaerit quod nimium est; verum et raro evenit,
 “ et caetera vitia non pensat.” I remember once, on
 reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, where the
 Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expres-
 sion, he said pleasantly: *This is a strange man: he seems to*
think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than
an ordinary stool. He himself was never swelling or pom-
 pous: and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from
 attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but
 from including a great deal in a little room.

VER. 184. *There lived in primo Georgii, &c.*] The imi-
 tation of this story of the *Madman* is as much superior
 to his original in the fine and easy manner of telling, as
 that of Lucullus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true the
 turn Horace's madman took, agrees better with the sub-
 ject of his epistle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtless there
 were other beauties in it, which Time has deprived us of.

For

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ; 181
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord ; 185
 Who, though the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife ;
 Not quite a mad-man, though a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short, they
 cur'd :

NOTES.

For it is in poetry as in painting, the most delicate touches go *first* ; and, what is worse, they agree in this too, that they are *last* observed. So that, what between time and ill taste, the greatest beauties are the shortest lived. But we need not wonder that ancient Satirists should feel the effects of this fatal union, when those noble ones of so modern a date as Rabelais and Cervantes are so little understood. One of the finest strokes in the latter is in the plan of his famous Romance, which makes a Spanish Gentleman of fifty run mad with reading books of Chivalry. But we see little of its beauty, because we do not know that a disordered imagination is a common malady amongst Spanish Gentlemen in the decline of life. A fact which Thuanus occasionally informs us of, "*Mendoza étoit un fort habile homme, il avoit été employé en de grandes Ambassades—sur la fin de ses jours il devint furieux, comme d'ordinaire les Espagnols.*" *Thuanus*.

Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error,

† Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

‡ Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed *verae numerosque modosque* edificere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

§ Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

|| Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, &c.*] This illustration is much happier than what is employed in his original; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

Whereat the gentleman began to stare— 194
 My Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

• Well on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate :
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull : 200

I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

• Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot,

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

• If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

“Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice.”

• When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,

You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :

Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui
Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

* Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere
est,

Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :
Qui te pascit aget, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit.

* das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti : nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim*?

† Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

NOTES.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

VER. 229. *low'd six-pence,*] Avarice, and the contempt
of it, is well expressed in these words.

When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these Flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

* If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its field afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All * Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

† Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'gham, or of Lincoln fen, 241
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.

NOTES.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*] A farm over-against
Hampton-Court.

Q 3

Yet

Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adita certis

Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam

² Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte su-

prema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et haeres

Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

Quid *vici* profunt, aut *horrea*? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

² Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, ta-

bellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land, 246
 Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand :
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 * Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wou'dst thou
 have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Joint Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
 Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
 * Gold, Silver, Iv'ry Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank heav'n there
 are,

Who, if they have not, think not worth their
 care.

^b Cur alter fratrum *cessare, et ludere, et ungi*

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus ; alter

Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum :

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE, mortalis in unum—

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater,

^c Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam : nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti

Discrepet, et quantum discordet parvus avaro.

Distat

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips : it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia. P.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy ; and so giving a much better sense to his Original ; and

cor-

° Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless one 270

Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;

The other slight, for women, sports, and wines,

All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines :

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,

Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275

One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,

Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :

Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,

Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;

That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280

Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;

Various of temper, as of face or frame,

Each individual : His great End the same.

° Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,

A part I will enjoy, as well as keep, 285

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace

A man so poor would live without a place :

NOTES.

correcting both the *Naturalism* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

“ Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
NATURAE DEUS HUMANAÆ.”

But

Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum

Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;

Ac potius, puer ut fessis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo grateque fruaris tempore raptim,

Pauperies immunda procul procul absit : ego,

utrum

Nave ferar *magna an parva ; ferar unus et idem.*

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

* Non es avarus : abi. quid ? caetera jam simul isto

Cum vitio fugere ? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine et ira ?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?

NOTES.

VER. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, &c.

Natales

But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care. 291

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if fardid want be far away. 295

What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of Av'rice? I have none.”

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of Death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire, 312
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

Has

Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?

Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta ?

Quid te exenta levat spinis de pluribus una ?

▲ Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :

Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

Has life no founness, drawn so near its end ? 316

Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ? 321

^b Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your
fill :

Walk sober off ; before a sprightlier age

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode ; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits ; such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.

the life of a man, who is a friend to the
 Can I then of a life, to give a friend
 his age but will the rough years away
 As when the years will be the years
 Or will you think that the years will be
 When of a man's life, on your own
 I can say, I will be a friend to you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you

What I can say, I will be a friend to you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you

What I can say, I will be a friend to you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you
 I will be a friend to you, and think you

THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

HOR.

THE
SATIRES

DR. JOHN DONNE

DEAN OF ST. PAULS

VERIFIED.

This text is printed in a small, faint font at the bottom of the page, likely a printer's mark or a reference to the original source. It appears to be a Latin or French phrase, possibly a motto or a dedication, but the characters are too light to transcribe accurately. It seems to read something like "Hic est textus..." or similar, but the exact words are illegible due to fading.

THE SATIRES of Dr. DONNE.

THE *manly Wit* of Donne, which was the character of his genius, suited best with *Satire*; and in this he excelled, though he wrote but little; six short poems being all we find of this sort amongst his writings. Mr. Pope has embellished two of them with his wit and harmony. He called it *versifying* them, because indeed the lines have nothing more of numbers than their being composed of a certain quantity of syllables. This is the more to be admired, because, as appears by his other poems, and especially from that fine fragment, called the *Progress of the Soul*, his Verse did not want harmony. But, I suppose, he took the *sermoni propiora* of Horace too seriously; or rather, was content with the character his master gives of Lucilius,

“*Emunctae naris durus componere versus.*”

Having spoken of his *Progress of the Soul*, let me add, that Poetry scarce ever lost more than by his not pursuing and finishing that noble design; of which he has only given us the introduction. With regard to his Satires, it is almost as much to be lamented that Mr. Pope did not give us a Paraphrase, in his manner, of the *Third*, which treats the noblest subject not only of this, but perhaps of any satiric poet. To supply this loss, though in a very small degree, I have here inserted it in the versification of Dr. Parnell. It will at least serve to shew the force of Dr. Donne's genius, and of Mr. Pope's; by removing all that was rustic and shocking in the one, and by not being able to reach a single grace of the other.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling Eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.

Satire ! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever *Satire* cur'd an old disease. 5

Is not *Religion* (Heav'n-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? 10
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their Virtue found below?
Alas ! *Religion* proper means prepares, 15
These means are ours, and must its *End* be theirs?
And shall thy Father's spirit meet the fight,
Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heav'nly light,
Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited
To Reason's dictates, may be *faith* imputed? 20
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode.

Oh ! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire, 25
Thy *Maker's* Vengeance, and thy *Monarch's* Ire?
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea ?
In search of *pearl*, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath? 30
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the Northern pole ?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of *Spain*,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?

Or

Or for some *Idol* of thy *Fancy* draw 35
 Some loose-gown'd dame ; O courage made of straw!
 Thus, desp'rate Coward ! would'st thou bold appear,
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,
 To thy own foes, to *his*, ignobly yield,
 And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field ? 40

Know thy own foes ; th' *Apostate Angel*, he
 You strive to please, the foremost of the Three ;
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can *he* give for *Love*, that acts in *Hate* ?
 The *World's* thy second Love, thy second Foe, 45
 The *World*, whose beauties perish as they blow,
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast.
 The *Flesh* is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes, 50
 While men the fair, the goodly *Soul* destroy,
 From whence the *flesh* has pow'r to taste a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively found—
 Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found ?
 By Faith *Implicite* blind *Ignaro* led, 55
 Thinks the bright Seraph from *his* Country fled,
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know
 She there was seen a thousand years ago ;
 And loves her Relick rags, as men obey
 The *foot-cloth* where the Prince sat yesterday. 60

These pageant Forms are whining *Obed's* scorn,
 Who seeks Religion at *Geneva* born,

A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd;
 Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge 65
 All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy *Capio* roam,
 The man contented takes his Church at home;
 Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,
 Should some new Laws, which like new fashions
 reign, 70

Command his faith to count *Salvation* ty'd
 To visit *his*, and visit *none* beside,
 He grants Salvation centers in his own,
 And grants it centers but in his *alone*:
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75
 And *they* confer his *Faith*, who give his *Name*:
 So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live
 Enthrall'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless *Airy* flies,
 For, *all* professions can't be good, he cries, 80
 And here a fault, and there another views,
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse.
 So men, who know what *some* loose girls have done,
 For fear of marrying *such*, will marry *none*.

The Charms of *all*, obsequious *Courtly* strike; 85
 On each he doats, on each attends alike;
 And thinks, as diff'rent countries deck the dame,
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same;
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
 But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go: 90

This

This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the *wrong* to chuse the *right*.

But *thou* of force must *one* Religion own,
And only *one*, and that the *Right* alone.
To find that *Right one*, ask thy Rev'rend Sire; 95
Let him of his, and him of *his* enquire;
Tho' *Truth* and *Falshood* seem as twins ally'd,
There's Eldership on *Truth's* delightful side,
Her seek with heed---who seeks the soundest *First*
Is not of *No* Religion, nor the *worst*. 100
T' *adore*, or *scorn* an Image, or *protest*,
May *all* be bad; doubt wisely for the best;
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide, 105
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred *Truth* enthron'd; and he, who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and ev'ry turn essays
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways. 110

Yet labour so, that, ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And *Age* is twilight to the night of *fate*.
To *will* alone, is but to mean delay: 115
To work at *present* is the use of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High *Thoughts* the *Soul*, hard *deeds* the *body* strain:

And *Myſtries* ask believing, which to View
Like the fair *Sun*, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be *Truth*, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not *Kings* have pow'r to tear it from thy breaſt;
By no blank *Charters* harm they where they hate,
Nor are they *Vicars*, but the *Hands* of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd 125
To *human Laws*! Or muſt it ſo be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That *Philip* that, or *Greg'ry* taught thee this,
Or *John* or *Martin*? *All* may teach amiſs: 130
For, ev'ry contrary in each extream
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Would'ſt thou to *Pow'r* a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt task the bounds of pow'r to know;
The *bounds* once paſt, it holds the name no more, 135
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion Humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low *Idolatry* at beſt.

Pow'r from above ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roar a *Torrent* or a *Flood below*;
Each flow'r, ordain'd the *Margins* to adorn,
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on *Deſerts*, *Rocks*, and *Sands*, or toſt 145
All the long travel, and in *Ocean* loſt:

So fares the soul, which more that Pow'r reveres
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

NOTES.

This noble similitude, with which the Satire concludes, Dr. Parnell did not seem to understand; or was not able to express it in its original force. Dr. Donne says,

"As streams are, Pow'r is; those blest flow'rs that dwell
"At the rough streams calm head, thrive, and do well;
"But having left their roots, and themselves given
"To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
"Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
"Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost.
"So perish Souls," &c.

Dr. Donne expressly compares *power* to streams: but the comparison of *souls* to flowers being only implied, Dr. Parnell overlooked that part; and so has hurt the whole thought, by making the flowers *passive*; whereas the Original says, *they leave their roots, and give themselves to the stream*: that is, wilfully prefer human Authority to divine; and this makes them the object of his Satire; which they would not have been, were they irresistibly carried away, as the Imitation supposes.

S A T I R E II.

S I R, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the
 rest.

Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as
 dead,

Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot
 read,

And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move love by rythmes; but witch-
 craft's charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:

Rams,

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;

Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still

One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,

That all beside, one pities, not abhors;

As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;

It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow,

Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,

Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,

So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,

The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;

No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

In

Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
..... to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Irishmen out-swear.*] The Orininal says,

“ out-swear the Letanie.”

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that time by the enemies of the English Liturgy; who
disliking

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,

His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;

For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35

Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,

Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;

Wicked as Pages, who in early years

Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40

Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake

Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell

In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One,

NOTES.

disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous ;

" In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell."

As

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Cocus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches
pox,

And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes
His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.

Then

NOTES.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Gospel*, enjoins. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here a very fine stroke of Satire,

“Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.”

The

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50

No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too ?

Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year* ?

Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts ;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,

And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench ? 60

Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

N O T E S.

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed some even of the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion.

Curs'd.

Then sick with Poetry, and posselt with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which
chuse

Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute^a.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will
swear,

That only suretyship hath brought them there;
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre;
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives;
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.

Shortly

NOTES.

^a He speaks here of those illiberal Advocates who frequent the Bar for mere gain, without any purpose of promoting or advancing civil justice; the consequence of which, he tells us, is a *slavish* attendance, together with a *degradation* of their parts and abilities. So that when they undertake to excuse the bad conduct of their client, they talk as idly, and are heard with the same contempt;

as

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain :
 Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own* :
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies !
 And what a solemn face, if he denies !
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of Bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;

NOTES.

as debtors, whose common cant is, that they were un-
 done by *Suretyship*. The Imitator did not seem to take
 the fineness of the satire, or he would not have neglected
 an abuse of this importance, to fall upon such *paultry*
things as Peter, and those whom *Peter* considered (and
 so well used) as his *patrimony*.

'Till,

Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand,
 And spying heirs melting with *Luxury*,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he :
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, faying as a Fryer
 Each day his Beads ; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
 As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense ; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand :
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away ;
Saturn himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are ;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* : 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther, thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song ;
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.
 The

N O T E S.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet by judiciously
 transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his
 VOL. IV. S Author's

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd
heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls

Carthusian Fafts, and fulsome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes

I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;

None

NOTES.

Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments, to the bigness of *glos'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while a Monk, and, by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the *Pater-noster* by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition; and both together, to insinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*.——About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to the Roman Catholic Religion; which appears from several strokes in these Satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is entitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominice*, alluding

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ? 110
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs ;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals ;
 And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These

N O T E S.

luding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechisms ; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate his sentiments of Reformation) he puts Erasmus and Ruchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the subject of many imitations. The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Browne's.—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his sermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pseudo martyr*, to prove that Papists ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Ecclesiastical Policy*, he has approved himself entirely ignorant both of the *Origine* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page and elsewhere he holds, that when men

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

NOTES.

congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *soul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 191st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and sublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life.

VER. 120. *These as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne says,

———“ But (oh) we allow

“ Good works as good, but out of fashion now.”

The popish doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
 But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence ;
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 126
 Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

N O T E S.

Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude.
 And having throughout this satire given several malignant
 strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then
 very dangerous, to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the
 Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

— “ But my words none draws
 “ Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.”

VER. 128. *Treason, or the Law*] By the *Law* is here
 meant the *Lawyers*.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in

A

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be, &c.*] Donne says,
Well; I may now receive and die.

which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] Says Mr. Pope. We verily believe he did. But of the cause of his death, not only the Doctors, but other people differed. His family suggests, that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended in a dropy of the breast. The *Gentlemen of the Dunciad* say, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story: and that we might be able to say, he died like his great name-fake, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch, and other grave Writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the Scull of an Ass.

SCRIBL.

This is a grievous error (says *Aristarchus*) it was the hoof of an ass: a much more likely vehicle of mischief.— But this might be pardoned: the thing to be admired is, that the learned Scholiast should pass over the general subject so very slightly; I mean, *literary homicide*; a species of murder, which, tho' attended with every atrocious circumstance of malice forethought, all human laws, and, what is still stranger, divine Vengeance (whose motions rarely escape our notice) have entirely overlooked. It is only indeed in these last miserable ages of the world that this mischief has become excessive: nothing being now more common than for the Pen to perform the office of
the

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've

N O T E S.

the Stiletto, and to leave the vanquished Disputant stark dead at the feet of the Conqueror, For, though as Macbeth says,

“ Blood has been shed ere now, i’ th’ olden time,”

Yet no great execution was then done with this Instrument, if you except the fate of two or three green girls, by the Iambics of Archilogus. Indeed so inexpert in *Murder* was the pen of ancient days, that the hurt, when it did any, was recoiling on the heads of the Users; witness the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero. But at the revival of learning, when the Pen came out new ground and sharpened by the Letter-founder, then it was that it acquired this fatal property; a malignity contracted, as should seem, from its too near neighbourhood to new invented *gun-powder*, that amiable contemporary of the *printing-press*.

From henceforth we hear of nothing but death and slaughter. Dispute was now no longer a drawn battle; the common issue of old classical combats: It was a *Duel à outrance* (to speak in the language of the times) where the vanquished resigned his life and his fame together. Nor was disease, or even old age itself, a security or asylum from these barbarous inroads of the Pen. The Academy became, like a field of battle in Homer, ornamented by an incredible variety of deaths. To be particular in them would

A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is

A Recreation, and scant map of this.

My

NOTES.

require the invention of that great Writer, or, what would be still more useful, the patience of his readers. I shall therefore confine myself to our own Island; where we have no need to fear a scarcity of slaughter. It is observed, by our politer neighbours, that we delight in blood; and have our killing Heroes of every species: no wonder then that our Schools should be full of murders like our Stage. Who has not heard how Milton slew Salmasius? and how Charles the first, though a King condescended, with equal arms, to give the death's wound to Henderson? In our own times, Locke slew Bishop Stillingfleet; and still later, Clarke, without a *sufficient reason*, dispatched the philosopher Leibnitz. The last, yet not the least considerable of these scenes of slaughter, was the fall of Pope under the conquering hand of Cibber: which truly, I regard in no other light than a decisive victory obtained by Prose over Poetry.

I just before took notice of one difference in this species of Murder from all others, that we have not observed it to be pursued either by divine or civil justice: There is yet another, which is, that these Murders *walk the town*, to use Milton's expression, without even the slender attendance of a *Ghost*. It is true, that this singularity seems but the consequence of the other; for when neither divine nor civil justice will take notice of the crime, of what use is a *Ghost*? who has ever been understood as the harbinger to quicken the resentment of the one, and to denounce the coming vengeance of the other. In a word, all these unhappy victims of literary rage, for ought I could ever learn, may be truly said to have *given up the Ghost*, and to have slept very quietly with their Fathers.

To this perhaps it may be objected, That it is well known some of them have risen again; and to the infinite vexation of their Murderers. This is not to be denied;
but

I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhimes.
 The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With

NOTES.

but then it is as true, that these were not properly *Ghosts*, but only what the French call, *Revenans*. To explain myself. Cardan, as unsubstantial and as difficult to be laid hold on as a School *Subtlety*, had been so hacked and mangled by Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that he expired under his pen. Julius, in the preface to his next book, had the singular humanity to weep over the ashes of his slaughtered enemy, and to curse the fatal stroke which had deprived the world of so incomparable a man. But what was his surprise, when six years afterwards he heard all Italy resounding with the praises of their *returning* Hero; who, to prove himself alive, had just published a new piece of Philosophy. Not Banquo's Ghost,

“ With twenty mortal murders on his Crown,”

could more affray the bloody-minded Macbeth, than did this appearance of his Rival disorder our victorious Prince of Verona, so unexpectedly *pushed* again *from his Stool* of Science.

Another instance was nearer home. The learned Bickerstaffe had pronounced the death of Partridge the Almanac-maker; who deceased accordingly: But having been long well with the Stars, he was allowed, and accordingly took the advantage to come back with them, in their annual revolutions; though in no very good humour, as you may well suppose, with his murderer. But it was truly edifying to see with what temper that rare Scholar bore the seeming impeachment of his art, under all the insults of an incensed Philomath, double dipt both in Styx and Lethé. He answered none of his unpolite cavils; but, with great meekness, endeavoured to account philosophically for so odd a phenomenon as the post-existence of an Almanac-maker.

The

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
 To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:

NOTES.

The use to be made of all that has been said is only this; to try at length to civilize Letters, and to cultivate Learning with humanity. Our *ideas* have lately undergone a great change. Why then should not our *temper*? Formerly every fancy was an article of faith; and every defence bore the air of an Auto de Fé. At present all things are beheld with a philosophic eye. Heresies are now treated as blunders; and Blasphemies as mere barbarities of Speech. Our *Genius* likewise concurs with our *Taste* to soften the ferocity of Polemics, to banish the combats *à outrance*, and to fit us for that gentler kind of skirmish which courteous Knights-errant used to call FERMOUCE'.

ARIST.

Stranger

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.
 But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:

N O T E S.

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell.*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the same pride in admiring, which *Poets* have in being admired. For VANITY is often as much gratified in paying our Court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors.

VER. 13. *Had no new verses nor new suit to show;*] Insinuating that *Court-poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and serves but to supply a day's conversation.

A verier

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are?

His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 though bare.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw

Me

A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the Moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
 But meer tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
 The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
 A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55
 These

Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlus, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist? and I feebly
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass

By

NOTES.

VER. 73. *A period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long*; which, because the humour,

as

These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out ; I whisper, Gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *Speech* esteem you most ? “ The King's,” said I.
 But the best *Words* ? — “ O Sir, the *Dictionary*.”
 You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect *Speaker* ? — “ Onslow, past dispute.”
 But, Sir, of writers ? “ Swift for closer style,
 “ But Ho**y for a period of a mile.”
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of *Tongues* enough :

NOTES.

as well as the measure, of the expression was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit ; without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, licet omnis hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debet esse ultra modum.

SCRIBL.

Yet

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is ; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O
 Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk :

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen !*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of Donne, yet very licentious, in coupling the *Apostles* and *Panurge*, in this buffoon manner.

Your

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen ! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80

He came by sure transition to his own :

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,

Pity ! you was not Druggerman at Babel ;

For had they found a linguist half so good,

I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

" Obliging Sir ! for Courts you sure were made :

" Why then for ever bury'd in the shade ?

" Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,

" The King would smile on you——at least the

" Queen."

Ah gentle Sir ! you Courtiers so cajol us— 90

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say

No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :

Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,

Few are the Converts Aretine has made ; 95

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,

None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,

Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies ;

" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !"

Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,

He dwells amidst the royal Family ;

Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes
meet

Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique,
coarse,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,

He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth t' enrich me, so tells many a ly.

More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows

When

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.

"Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! strangely low,
 "And coarse of phrase,--your English all are so.
 "How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye
 mean? 110

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.

"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,

"Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."

Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,

And this you see is but my dishabille--- 115

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays;

New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125

He hears, and as a Still with simples in it

Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,

Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,

By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and
 shows, 130

More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stowes.

When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
what

A subtle Statesman may gather of that ;
He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison
Hasts to an Offices reversion ;

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
Who loveth whores

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth
beg

**A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and eggs—
Shells to transport ;**

shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus

He

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes,*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his Original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is,

"A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and eggs—
"Shells to transport."

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent mask. And one of their *Anti-masks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes: "In this Anti-mask of Projectors" (says he) "came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make

“use

Sat. IV.

V E R S I F I E D.

277

When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows,
and what

A subtle Minister may make of that :

Who sins with whom : who got his Pension rug,

Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug : 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,

And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore :

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,

Is therefore fit to have a Government :

Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140

And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor :

Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,

And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown

Can gratis see the country, or the town : 145

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,

But some excising Courtier will have toll.

N O T E S.

" use of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors
" were in like manner personated in this Anti-masque ;
" and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it
" an information was covertly given to the King of the
" unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against
" the Law ; and the Attorney Noy, who had most
" knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Anti-
" masque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became
so general, that Ben Johnson makes a cheating procurer
of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays ;
just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

T 3

He

He with home meats cloyes me, I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this ^a Makaron talk : in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid ;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day ; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more

NOTES.

^a Whom we call an As, the Italians style *Maccheroni*.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

“ And wiser than all us,

“ He knows what Lady——”

the Reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted*. No, just the contrary,

“ what Lady is not painted ;”

satirically insinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader
sees

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall. 151

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat 156
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great-Man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165

N O T E S.

sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *adiousness* of painting; in which case, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me--? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haſt than one
 Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.

At home in wholesome ſolitarineſs
 My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs

Of

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185

N O T E S.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagination, not in the sound, but in the sense of these two words.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *beat*. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

“ O qui me gelidis——”

“ Oh quickly bear me hence——”

Where

Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your ^b Waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks ^c are; their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews

NOTES.

^b A shew of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. P.

^c i. e. of wood.

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. *Base Fear*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous shew of the Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

Had

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee, 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax*!
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.
 See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay

NOTES.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted
 gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where
 the

234 SATIRES OF DR. DONNE Sat. IV.

Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the *Present*, and I (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
 At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cut-
 chanel)
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns^d, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set^e.
 Would

NOTES.

the young Nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the Nobility and Gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

^d i. e. Arrive to worship and magistracy. The reason he gives is, that those who have wit are forced to *sell* their stock, instead of *trading* with it. This thought, though not amiss, our Poet has not paraphrased. It is obscurely expressed, and possibly it escaped him.

^e i. e. Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are borrowed; she suspects, that, when, in the common
 cant

Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
 And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

NOTES.

cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair*, a net to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

'Twould

Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosque: and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles^f, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition*;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth

NOTES.

^f Because all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal,

Call

'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen;
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
 Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another. 259
 But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :

NOTES.

VER. 240. *Durer's rules,*] Albert Durer.

The

Call a rough carelesness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jest like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
 Those *Askaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

* A Giant famous in Romances.

P.

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door: 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jails to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
 Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs
 For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

N O T E S.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly sins*] The room hung
 with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

The Captain's honest; She, and that's enough,
I ho, his soul's bullet, and his body hurt.
His light face - light; his brightly chest before,
Like painting - paint, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as away,
As blood - hung - again in all I apally.
Scarcely to boy, the preceding woman's curls,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Commands the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Tells like a lie, a fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it to
As men from jail to execution go;
For hung with deadly lines the wall,
And hind with Giants deadlier than all:
Each man an enemy, of strength to rob
For Quota, both Temple-bar and Chaining-cord,
Scarl at the grisly forms, I sweat, I cry,
And make all o'er like a discovered spy.
Courts are too quick for wits to work as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Authority, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whole satire's faced, and whole rage secure:
The mine to walk a few light stains, but choice
To deliver him, and drown a Court in tears.
However what's now desperate, my Wit
In time to come, may pay for Holy Wit.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

F P I L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S

IN TWO DIALOGUES

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVII

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in
Print,

And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made :
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said;
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

“ 'Tis all from Horace,” &c. P.

VER. 2. *the Court see nothing in't.*] He chose this expression for the sake of its elegant and satiric ambiguity.—
His writings abound in them.

You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

Decay of Parts, alas ! we all must feel —

5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
" To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter." 10

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice* :

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct ! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 8.] Alluding to Lucanus an Appulus anceps.

VER. 9, 10.] *And taught his Romans in much better metre,*

" To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."]

The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

" Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,

" Qu'on est assis à l'aïse aux sermons de Cotin."

But the irony in the first line, and the satyrical equivoque in the second, mark them for his own. His making the Objector say, that Horace excelled him in writing verse, is pleasant. And the ambiguity of *putting their trust in Peter*, insinuates that Horace and He had frequently laughed at that specific folly arising from indolence ; which still disposes men to intrust both their *spiritual* and *temporal* concerns to the absolute disposal of any *sanctified* or *unsanctified* Cheat, bearing the name of PETER.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes.*] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation. P.

Horace

Dial. I. TO THE SATIRES. 295

Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
 Blunt could do *Business*, H-ggins knew the Town;
 In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,
 And own, the Spaniard did a *whaggish thing*,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His fly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
 But is he now an *independant Whig*?

* Mr. Th. Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P.

VER. 22. *Screen*]

“ Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

“ Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit. Pers. P.

Ibid. Screen] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30

Seen

NOTES.

VER. 26. *The Great Man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister. P.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Priest's behalf: He acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s sake, might be taken off;

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
 A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;

A Joke

NOTES.

off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt must needs be discharged either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the *principle* it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochfaucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true Genius could

A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig. 40
 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage :
 These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.
 If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near 45
 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer, LYTTTELTON, and I'll engage
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage :
 But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50

NOTES.

could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

Ibid. *Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Osborne*, (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. P.

VER. 43. *These nothing hurts;*] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings, and speeches in the spirit of liberty. P.

Sejanus

Dial. I. TO THE SATIRES. 299

Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
 But well may put some Statesman in a fury.
 Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
 Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
 Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
 P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth :
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth !
 Come, harmless Characters that no one hit ; 65
 Come Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit !

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius ; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

Ibid. *Fleury,*] Cardinal : and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

The

The Honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y--ng!
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That First was H--vy's, F--'s next, and then
 The S--te's, and then H--vy's once agen.

O come,

NOTES.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyricall speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

Ibid. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence*,] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence*. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this master-stroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Master Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spittal sermon preached in the year 1595*, layeth open the whole Mystery. "The voice of
 "a Preacher (saith he, himselfe a powerfull Preacher)
 "ought to be the voice of a Crier, which should not pipe
 "to make the People dance, but mourne to make them
 "weep. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that
 "was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might
 "serve at the Altar; because for that impediment in
 "his eye he could not well shew his inwarde sorrowing
 "by his outward weeping. And when they offered up
 "their first-borne, who was ordinarily in every family
 "their Priest, or their Preacher, they offered also with
 "him a paire of turtle-doves or two younge pigeons.
 "That paire of turtle doves did signify a paire of mourn-
 "full

O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence;
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80

And

NOTES.

"full eyes; those two younge pigeons did signifie likewise
 "two weeping eyes: And at that offering they prayed for
 "their first-borne, that afterwards he might have such
 "eyes himselfe. For indeed, as Austin witnesseth,
 "THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with *sighing* than
 "with speaking, with *weeping* than with words. Plus
 "gemitibus quam sermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu."

SCRIBL.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!*]
 i. e. full of school-book phrases and Anglicisms.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense*;) The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

How highly our poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his Letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words; "The Queen shewed,
 "by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness
 "and temper to her last moments, and through the course
 "of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants,
 "and

And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest !
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace :
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.

Silent

NOTES.

“ and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that
 “ of sincere tears.”

VER. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the Government's news-paper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steel for some time had this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himself and his writings*: “ My next appearance as a writer was in
 “ the quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in
 “ the office of *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the rule
 “ observed by all Ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I
 “ heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that
 “ I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of
 “ what People say, which I do not deserve.”

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re!*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the
 Bed-

Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a King !
 There, where no passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court ;

NOTES.

Bed-chamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies : “ Qu'on lise ce que les Historiens de tous les tems
 “ on dit sur la Cour des Monarques ; qu'on se rapelle
 “ les conversations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le
 “ miserable caractère des COURTIZANS ; ce ne sont point
 “ des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience.
 “ L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil,
 “ le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'averfion pour la vé-
 “ rité ; la flaterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de
 “ tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen,
 “ la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance de ses foi-
 “ blesses, et plus, que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPE-
 “ TUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Carac-
 “ tère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous les
 “ lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que
 “ les principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et
 “ que les inferieurs soient gens-de bien, que ceux-la soient
 “ trompeurs, & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que du-
 “ pes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque mal-
 “ heureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richlieu dans
 “ son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'on Monarque doit se
 “ garder de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la Vertu
 “ n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement.”

There

There where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their
 Place : 100

But past the Sense of human Miseries,
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes ;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
 glory 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex,
 Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings ; 110

And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt ?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost ?

Ye

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in some editions,
 Who starves a mother—

NOTES.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of addresses on
 an Accession.

VER. 113. *Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;*] A sa-
 tirical ambiguity—either that those *starve who have it*, or
 that

Ye Gods ! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke ?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill ?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will ? 120
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
'And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran !

But

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that those who *boast* of it, *have it not* : and both together (he insinuates) make up the present state of *modern virtue*.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son*,—*Rich*] Two Players : look for them in the *Dunciad*. P.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book, called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. *Passeran* !] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts ; of which there went a pleasant story about that time, Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the Philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols ; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, " that now was come the time to put his doctrine in prac-

But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin. 130
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

NOTES:

" tice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he
 " was become an *useless* member in society, and so was
 " resolved to quit his *station*; and that, as to him, his
 " *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries,
 " the outcast of government, and the sport even of that
 " *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for
 " such an opportunity to bear him company." All this
 was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity,
 that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out
 Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This
 unhappy man at last died a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that hap-
 pened in London, a few years past. The unhappy man
 left behind him a paper justifying his action by the rea-
 sonings of some of these Authors. P.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Al-
 luding to the *Forms of Prayer*, composed in the times of
 public calamity and distress; where the fault is generally
 laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use
 of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the Peo-
 ple, till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER.*] This confirms an ob-
 servation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be*
very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers
Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do. Hist. of Civ.
 Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL.

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue

NOTES.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN—*] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus—"I am going to insert, in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public, to correct myself on such occasions; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*. I must therefore in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born*, to *bumble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov. 2.*

VER. 13. —*with aukward Shame,*
Do good by stealth—] The exquisite sense, the elegance of phrase and exactness of expression, are all here very remarkable. We are so much governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men (who are ever modest) a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, we follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *aukwardness* in going out of the fashion, which the Poet here celebrates.

VER. 136. —*and blush to find it Fame.*] He is represented as blushing at the degeneracy of his times, which, a

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;

Dwell

NOTES.

best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done *by stealth*, but more openly.

VER. 137. *Virtue may chuse the high or Low Degree.*] This line, and those which precede and follow it, contain an ironical neglect of Virtue, and an ironical *concern and care* for Vice; therefore the Poet's elegant correctness required, that his language, in the first case, should have the appearance of negligence and censure: and this is admirably sustained in the *expression*,

"*Let humble Allen,*" &c.

But the beauty of this not being understood, the lines have been publickly censured for an ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to a man whom our Poet truly believed to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was, and known by him to be in fact, all and much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of the *Man of Ross*. One who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious capacity, is an ornament to human nature.

The true character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a *Supplement to human Laws*, (the force and dignity of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always delicate, and his reproof never unjust. And therefore, the first not reaching the head, and the latter too sensibly touching the heart, of his vulgar Readers, he has been censured for a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist; whereas he was, indeed, the warmest Friend, and most placable Enemy, that ever lived.

VER. 138. *'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;*] He gives the reason for it, in the line that presently follows,

"*She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.*"

So

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth :
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,

Her

NOTES.

So that the Sense is this, " It is all one to *Virtue* on whom her influence falls, whether on high or low, because it still produces the same effect, *their content*; and it is all one to *me*, because it still produces the same effect, *my love*."

VER. 144. Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more.] The Poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret History*; the sum of which is as follows:

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger: and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters, in the habit and quality of a slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance, nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of Buffoons, to make diversion for the Rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people.

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;

In

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After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress: from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came; but after a large circuit thro' the East, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time consort in the Empire with his Uncle *Justin*; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, altho' she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbade a Senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the Historian) and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) owned by *Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single Magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another, in her good graces. Nay, the *very Soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue.

In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius rough with many a Scar,
 Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160

NOTES.

virtue. As for the common People, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonry, and her prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec. c. ix. — x.*

VER. 148. *And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both.

VER. 149. *scarlet head*] Alluding to the *scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*.

In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!

See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!

See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,

At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:

While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—

“ Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.” 170

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)

Show there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTES.

VER. 164. *See all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!*] This will always be the case when knavery is in fashion; because fools always dread the being unfashionable.

VER. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,—Are what ten thousand envy and adore:]* And no wonder, for the wit of Cheats being the evasion of justice, and the Courage of a Whore the contempt of reputation; these emancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon free Spirits, fear of punishment, and dread of shame.

SCRIBL.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR.

'TIS all a Libel——Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow faith
it may,

And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine*!

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

F. Yet

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention*; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas!
the

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash; 10
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice,

P. How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire ! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind. 15
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all !
Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall !
Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd ; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you !
The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

NOTES.

the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a *resemblance* before I can get from the press.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?*] It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning : The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it ; which his argument requires they should do. For *dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud ; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the *person*.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what; 26
 Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
 Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
 Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
 Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
 As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

NOTES.

VER. 26. *I fain would please you, if I knew with what; Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?*] I have observed, that our Author has invented, and introduced into his writings, a new species of the *sublime*, by heightening it with *wit*. There is a species of *eloquence* in his works (of which these lines are an instance) almost as peculiar to him; which he has produced by employing the *simplest* and *tritest* phrases to prevent stiffness; and yet, by a supreme effort of his art, giving them the dignity of the most select. Quintilian was so sensible of the lustre which this throws upon true eloquence, under a masterly direction, and at the same time, of the prejudices against it, from the difficulty of succeeding in it; that he says, *Utinam — et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus*.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game laws; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests.

VER. 31. *As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but without reflection: For if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Fera naturæ*, *Things* uncivilized, and free. *Ferae*, as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Afinus silvestris*.

SCRIBL.

Suppose

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;

Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45

Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;

NOTES.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, "Qui ne fait être un ERASME, doit penser à être Evêque."

SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *wretched Wild*;) Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice!*] We must consider the Poet as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics and Religion, That *private vices are public benefits*.

Still

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 317

Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence——

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE. 61

NOTES.

VER. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is serious in the foregoing subjects of satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their Masters.

VER. 55. *Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:*] The line is admirable. The exquisite humour of it, in the unexpected turn, is but it's second praise. It finely carries on the argument, and exposes the false rules and measures of Satire, which his *Court Friend* would inculcate for his practice; that he is to avoid the proper object of Satire, *great offenders*, who have escaped public justice; and, in their stead, to seize the *little rogues*, who have submitted to it.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.

P.

F. Strange

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64

And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove

(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)

The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,

I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;

Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,

Manners

NOTES.

VER. 64. *feels for Fame,—And melts to Goodness,*] This is a fine compliment; the expression shewing, that *fame* was but his *second* passion.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful Grove,*] The house and gardens of *Esher* in *Surry*, belonging to the Honourable Mr. *Pelham*, brother to the Duke of *Newcastle*. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. *Craggs*. P.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] These words (like those ver. 135. of the first *Dialogue*) are another instance of the malignity of the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied: To be DECENT (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 319

Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But

NOTES.

dom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite Friend, whose superior virtues he most esteemed and admired.

“ Noble and young, who strikes the heart

“ With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry **DECENT** part.”

Indeed, the word in both places implies *every endowment of the heart*: As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken; and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate:

Quid verum atque DECENS cura et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

So that to be *decent* is to excel in the moral character.

VER. 73. *Berkley, &c.*] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good man, a good Christian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsy that ever entered in the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter, which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration, doubtful.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable of all sophisms, that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn: a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance than all the elegant discourses

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
 I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
 Thus SOMMERS once, and HALLIFAX, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:

NOTES.

courses of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the Character of a great Genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable metaphysics, established on the Physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the Wisdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's poetry is to the Wit of the past.

VER. 74. *But does the Court a worthy man remove?*] The Poet means, *remove* him for his *worth*: for he never esteemed the being *in* or *out* as any proof of corruption, or virtue. "I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately" (says he to Dr. Swift) by which I find you are, *like the* "vulgar, apter to think well of people *out* of power, than of people *in* power. Perhaps 'tis a mistake; but, however, there is something in it generous." *Let.* xvii, Sept. 3, 1726.

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.

Ibid. Hallifax] A peer no less distinguished by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

CARL

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 321

CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble
 Flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same :
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's foster hour !
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r !
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit : 85
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder horn to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field :
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own.
 Names, which long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train,
 And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.

NOTES.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

Ibid. Stanhope] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

VER. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an example to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

VER. 93. *Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their parties, and attached only to their persons.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise: 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave: 101
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;
 Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105
 But random Praise--the task can ne'er be done;
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

NOTES.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

VER. 102. *To find an honest man, &c.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify.

Enough

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
 No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's
 no sin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

NOTES.

VER. 116. *What Richlieu wanted, &c.*] The thing here insinuated is, that the greatest character for *Politics*, *Munificence*, or *Conquests*, when separated from virtue, would never gain the praises of the true Poet. But *munificence* approaching nearer to Virtue than either the other two, he says, *Louis scarce could gain*; while *Richlieu* and young *Ammon* went without.

Ibid. *Louis scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which he gives us an instance in ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

VER. 120. *To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line;*] It is in the *Æneid*.

“His dantem jura Catonem.”

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!*] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply---

Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130

AND LYTTLETON a dark designing Knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool---

But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,

Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day, 140

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;

NOTES.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall*!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

VER. 130. *Polwarth*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

VER. 136. *do I blame?*—Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by a single rule of Rhetoric; which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, queramus quid Adversarium laedat.* SCRIBL.

Then

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 325

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt ?
 Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules 146
 Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools ;
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His Saws are toothless, and his Hatcher's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
 To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay :
 But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
 Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave ;
 The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
 And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest : 155
 Which not at present having time to do—
 F. Hold Sir ! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to
 you ?

Against your worship when had S---k writ ?
 Or P---ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit ?
 Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160
 [*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]
 To W---le guilty of some venial sin ;
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
 How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the Gown. 165

- NOTES.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to
 Sir-R. W. P.

VER. 164. *The Priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any parti-
 cular priest, but of many priests. P.

And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:

The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach---

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

But hear me further--Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185

Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue. P.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES.

327

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write ;
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own ? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good Man ! he has been fairly in ?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows ?
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God ?

Ask you what Provocation I have had ?
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
 Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense ;
 Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind ;
 And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave :
 So impudent, I own myself no Knave : 206
 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.*
 From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alie-
 " num puto." P.

Y 4

Yes,

Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence !

NOTES.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 212. *O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence, &c.*
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd—]

Mr. Henry Home, a Lord of Sessions and late writer of a Book intitled *Elements of Criticism*, replies to this Character of RIDICULE as follows, "*Ridicule is but a gross pleasure. A People, it is true, must have emerged out of barbarity before they can have a taste for Ridicule. But it is too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined, Ridicule is banished from France, and is losing ground daily in England.*" Vol. i. p. 138. This observation is of so singular a complexion that one can hardly tell whether it is to be taken in jest or in earnest. By *highly polished and refined*, he tells us he means *delicacy of taste*; but as amongst the polite, *delicacy* is commonly understood to mean *sicklyness*, and as according to this Writer's decision Ridicule is the best test of Truth, Vol. ii. p. 56. and Truth and Liberty go together, when he talks of *Ridicule's being banished France*, his condemnation of this noble touchstone of Truth must be altogether ironical. But as, on the other hand, this copious Writer has composed three large Volumes to substitute *Taste* to *Common sense*, I should suppose him to be in earnest.

To

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ; 216
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
 Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, 220
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
 Spin

NOTES.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] "The Citizen (says Plato, in his fifth book of Laws) who does no injury to any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, not content with being barely just himself, opposes the *course* of injustice, by prosecuting it before the Magistrate, merits our esteem vastly more. The *first* discharges the duty of a single Citizen ; but the *other* does the office of a body. But he whose zeal stops not here, but proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE IN PUNISHING, is the most valuable blessing of Society. This is the PERFECT CITIZEN, to whom we would adjudge the prize of Virtue."

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good Eusebius, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the Ox and the Christian Priesthood. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten ; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*.

SCRIBL.

VER. 220, &c. *Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains,—That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,—Spin all your Cobwebs*] And again, to the same purpose, in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*,

I

" Who

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day !

The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :

All

NOTES.

" Who breaks a *butterfly* upon a wheel ?

" Yet let me flap this *bug* with *gilded wings*,

" This painted child of Dirt, that *stinks* and *stings*."

These (it has been objected) are Insects not of Nature's creating, but the Poet's, and therefore such compound images are to be condemned. One would think, by this, that *mixed qualities* troubled the sense, as much as *mixed metaphors* do the style. But whoever thinks so, is mistaken. The fault of *mixed metaphors* is, that they call the *imagination* from image to image, when it is the writer's purpose to fix it upon one. On the contrary, *mixed qualities* do their office rightly, and inform the *understanding* of what the Author would insinuate, that the *moral insect* is a more worthless creature than the *physical*, as he collects together, in one individual, divers bad or trifling qualities, which Nature had dispersed in many. And when, in fact, we see them so collected ; as venom, sophistry, and insidiousness, in a *Court-Butterfly*, the giving it the *bite* of the bug, and the *web* of the spider, makes it a *monster* indeed, but not of the Poet's creating, but only of his *naming*.

VER. 220. *Ye Insects*—The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:] This it did very effectually ; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him ;

" The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,

" Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;

" The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,

" The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape."

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos ; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job :

Behold,

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 331

All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings—
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address. 227

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36.

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the Sun, P.

VER. 225. —*Gods of Kings.*] When James the first had once bespeached his Parliament, Bishop Williams Keeper of the Great Seal added—that, *after his Majesty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilson the Historian observes—*This is not inserted to shew the PREGNANCY and GENIUS of the man, but the temper of the times.*

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

Not

Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
Shrine,

Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;

NOTES.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "Il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet un espee de Comete, fatale à nos ennemis." P.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair*] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

Let

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 333

Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies: 245
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Peh for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read; 250
Are, none, none living? let me praise the Dead.
And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

NOTES.

VER. 255.] This was the last Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

O N

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and Two PENS.

Y E S, I beheld th' Athenian Queen

Descend in all her sober charms;

And take (she said, and smil'd serene)

" Take at this hand celestial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;

" This golden lance shall guard Desert,

" And if a Vice dares keep the field,

" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,

Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;

And dipt them in the fable Well,

The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

" What

" What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)

" A staidish, steel and golden pen!

" It came from Bertrand's^a, not the skies; || I

" I gave it you to write again,

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;

" You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)

" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,

" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,

" And run, on ivory, so glib,

" As not to stick at fool or ass^b,

" Nor stop at Flattery or Fib^c.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*

" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:

" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms^d;

" In Dryden's *Virgil* see the print^e.

NOTES.

^a A famous toy-shop at Bath.

^b The *Dunciad*.

^c The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

^d Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.

^e When she delivers *Aeneas* a suit of heavenly armour.

" Come,

“ Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies;
 “ I'll list you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.”

NOTES.

† i.e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic Poem*.—He was then meditating on such a work.

End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

